

JUNE 25-July 8

LOCKFIELD

POOR PEOPLE VS IUPUI

Diane Owens looked out of her third story window in one of the 21 buildings that comprise Lockfield Gardens, the oldest public housing in Indianapolis, and remembered how it used to be. "It used to be real nice," she said. "There used to be flowers, and grass and plants. Now there's just weeds and trash. Rats play down there in the bushes where the kids play." "You can't get hardly any hot water and when you do it comes out only in a trickle. The locks on the door get busted and nobody fixes them."

Diane knows all about Lockfield living. And so does Bessie Jackson. Bessie is president of the Community Civic Organization and is now organizing a rent strike in Lockfield to force the city to meet its obligation to the tenants and fix the place up. The plan is to have the rent money put in escrow until the Housing Authority complies with the codes of the Health and Hospital Corporation. Inspectors were scheduled to start making rounds on June 17. Plans were also made for picket lines in front of the management office, so that additional pressure may be brought to bear.

Lockfield Gardens was built in 1938 with federal money. It was in 1965 that the ownership of the Gardens was transferred to the Indianapolis Housing Authority, and it may or may not be coincidence that most residents cite five years ago as the beginning of the deterioration of Lockfield. Carl Beck, head of the HA would disagree. "We've sunk over 2 million dollars over the past five years into Lockfield for improvements. This past year we purchased over \$30 thousand in new equipment to maintain the units." Nevertheless, the conditions still remain and whose fault is it? Are the tenants to blame? Just recently a group from the Our Place youth center volunteered their services to help tackle the huge trash problem but were refused use of the equipment. Complaint after complaint has been filed with the management office but with no result. If it isn't residents, could it be because the custodial crew is understaffed. Hardly. Even Beck points out that there are 32 units per custodian as compared with 75 units per custodian in

other projects. So where is the source of the problem?

Take a walk a couple of blocks down to the corner of Michigan and Blake and you get a glimpse of the answer. Five shiny buildings under construction and the sign that says SITE OF INDIANA UNIVERSITY AT INDIANAPOLIS, DOWNTOWN CAMPUS. For years there have been rumors circulating that IU planned to take over Lockfield and use it to house the thirty thousand or so students the campus would be servicing. Carl Beck would deny it. David Meeker of Metropolitan Planning would say he doesn't know anything about it. Yet the tenants at Lockfield have only to look around at the new construction and then at their own homes and they know the city isn't going to be wanting any black ghetto so close to their beautiful academic showcase. To them it is only a matter of time.

This explains why Lockfield has been permitted to deteriorate. It explains why junkies are able to shoot up and roam the rooftops and there won't be a cop around to deal with them. For years the people have been crying for more police protection but have run up against a stone wall. The cops will be there if heads are to be busted as in the Lockfield riots of a year ago; or if there are hookers around to arrest. But it is an accepted fact around Lockfield that if you are in trouble, no use in calling the police, because they won't come.

Add it all up and the truth becomes clear. The city wants people to move out of Lockfield so that it can eventually be transferred over to the university to be used as dorms. Already there are 82 vacancies out of 748 units, and this despite the fact that there are lists a mile long of names of people anxious to get into public housing. If conditions persist the number will increase rapidly.

The situation in Lockfield is typical of all the cities in this country. Poor people are pushed around and forced to move at the whims of certain interests who have found a more profitable use for the land that used to be somebody's home. The ghettos are the residential areas people are forced to turn to after being

displaced on account of industrial expansion, highway construction, or university growth. Some planner has the brilliant idea that what the Indianapolis businessman really wants is luxury housing near the downtown area and thousands more are displaced to make way for "urban renewal." The city doesn't care, because all this busy work adds luster to Lugar's facade and increases the tax base.

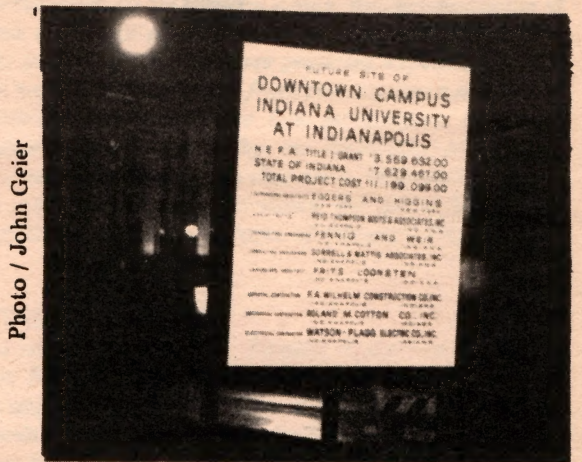


Photo / John Geier

And who are the ones really profiting from all this? Men like Frank McKinney. Remember that name. Frank McKinney. He used to be the head of the American Fletcher National Bank and he still is one of the five or so men who really run this town. It was McKinney who sold to IU the land upon which the downtown campus is now being constructed, and this sale was transacted while McKinney was on the Board of Trustees at IU. McKinney is also reported to have extensive holdings in the Lockfield area, a fact, which if true, would foreshadow disappointment for anyone thinking of continued residency in the area.

It is becoming increasingly evident that the tenants engaged in the Lockfield rent strike are fighting for more than a cleaner Gardens. They are fighting for their right to live in a place of their choice and their right to see that place made safe and sanitary. And they are fighting for the right to determine their own lives, free of external forces that would want to sweep them under the carpet in the name of progress. The reports of IU taking over Lockfield are considered no more than rumors in most circles but these people who meet in the Mount Olive Baptist Church across from the Gardens to discuss grievances and strategies have to know better. According to the County Assessor's Office, Mount Olive Baptist Church is owned by Indiana University.

—Peter Mackler

DeFranz Wins-

the poor lose

On June 16, thirty-one of the fifty-two member Community Action Against Poverty (CAAP) Board of Directors chose one of its members, Robert DeFranz to succeed outgoing director John Liell. DeFranz was chosen on the third ballot by one vote (16-15) over William Wynn, former director of the Nevada and Rhode Island Human Rights Commission. The two other candidates, Alvin Pitts of Evansville and Holton Hayes of New York, were eliminated after the second ballot.

The election was to follow an originally scheduled closed meeting where the board members were to interview the four candidates, but approximately 100 people jammed the fourth floor of the Educational Center building to demand an open meeting. Rev. Mozel Sanders made a motion that the meeting be open, the motion carried. John Walls, the Mayor's representative, voted against the motion.

Although he did not attend the meeting, the Mayor's presence was very much felt as earlier in the afternoon he declared his intention to assume control of the poverty program. At a press conference Lugar announced his strong endorsement of William Wynn, his consultant under the Urban Fellowship Program. The implication was that if the board did not elect Wynn, the Mayor would exercise his prerogative under the Green Amendment and have all funds channeled through his office, thus enabling him to determine the directions CAAP would take. The tension was quite evident among the board members, and especially among the community people who received Wynn with a great deal of hostility. Perhaps because of his need to prove himself independent of Lugar, Wynn came across as the most outspoken candidate during the interviews. DeFranz's

role as a School Board Member in the decision to close Attucks couldn't have endeared him to many of the black community people present, but they had little choice except to support him and CAAP's integrity against the Mayor's power play.

What is at stake is control of the \$3.5 million CAAP budget which comes down through the federal anti-poverty agency, the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO). Liell had the CAAP budget slated almost exclusively for community organization. However, given the previous experience where Mayors have taken control of the poverty programs, community organization has been scuttled or phased out. There is nothing that Mayor Lugar has done thus far to indicate that he would deviate from this line. Thus, it would appear DeFranz's election was a victory for the community.

However, this is illusory because the CAAP organization, the four candidates, and the Mayor's office are all of the same ilk. The four candidates all stressed the need to involve the people in the decision-making process and failed to realize that the community itself should be the decision-making process. The system of doling out token bits of power according to the growing ability to accept responsibility, as defined and structured only by people outside the community, must be abolished. The board members of CAAP are not representative of poor people but are generally people in the upper economic brackets who are not truly cognizant of the problems and needs of the community. One cannot expect a board possessing such members as Mrs. Bernetta Tanner, who as chief supervisor of the Center Township Trustee's Office, had twenty mothers arrested

Photo / John McAuliff



petitioning for clothes for their children, to exercise any degree of sensitivity in dealing with the plight of the poor.

For the past six years there has been a "War on Poverty" in this country that has been an absolute failure. Any explanation of this failure in terms of incorrect problem analysis or inadequate resources ignores the very real political processes at work. The paradox involved in government organizers organizing people against the government is obvious, and as a result, the programs have been nothing more than co-optive agents, draining the energies of the people from any attack at the moneyed interests exploiting and bankrupting the ghettos. The present system of government, in effect, utilizes the program for public relations in the community and as a repressive appeasement "self-help" device. If the government were operating by and for the people, there would be no need of CAAP. As one observer clearly stated: "There ain't no way the man in OEO is going to spend all that money to liberate us from him."

—Jack Quinn and Peter Mackler

A thirty month struggle between the Indianapolis Water Company and residents of northeast Marion County will soon produce a new reservoir in the Fall Creek Valley, may produce a \$40 million Water Company profit at the expense of the people, and has already produced a sophisticated and politicized community organization in north suburban Indianapolis.

The poor and black have long known what it was like to be moved out for an expressway or a Riley Towers or a new university. But for these wealthy suburban professionals, the announcement in early 1968 that the Water Company was going to replace their homes along Mud Creek (a small northern tributary of Fall Creek) with a reservoir was an unusual call to arms.

The call was answered by a long-standing residential association, newly reincorporated as Natural Resources, Inc. Under earlier names it had successfully fended off a 1959 attempt to build a toll road through their property; had forced changes in the exploitative trustee-dominated school administration; and had succeeded in stopping an attempt to build a secondary airport in their neighborhood.

Crucial to their current attempt to keep their homes high and dry is a June 24 (while this Free Press is being printed) forum of the Wabash River Basin Comprehensive Study Coordinating Committee (aagh!), which has the power to recommend water storage and flood control plans for all of central Indiana.

FREE COMMUNITY A THREAT

Dr. Gordon Swoboda, chairman of Natural Resources, Inc.'s research committee notes that "some people downtown are trying to chip away at the integrity of this community, which was designed for people to live in." Swoboda further agreed that the communities's past success in controlling its own destiny was a threat to the powers that control Marion County, and one purpose of this reservoir could be to end that political effectiveness.

The other contestant in this battle is the Water Company, a private, profit-making corporation whose board of directors reads like Who's Who of Indianapolis millionaires. Also in the Water Company's corner is the Shorewood Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Water Company. It is Shorewood that stands to make as much as \$40 million selling property adjacent to already existing Geist Reservoir on Fall Creek if (and only if) the Mud Creek project goes through, Swoboda indicates.

The land deal smells worse than the rest of the controversy. When IWC was buying land for Geist Reservoir in the early 1940's, they purchased 3450 acres more than the reservoir currently occupies. This purchasing allowed officially for water storage, but has subsequently been sold to Shorewood to be developed into luxury housing. The Water Company can sell that land, acquired from the public partially through the threat of condemnation, at an immense profit—as long as Geist Reservoir remains at its present size.

SHOULD RAISE GEIST DAM

That raises the next nasty issue. The relevant experts are agreed that Indianapolis must have increased water sources by 1978, according to IWC Chief Engineer Maury Stout. One way to get that water, according to NRI's position, would be to raise the Geist Dam

and increase the size of that reservoir. But that would flood Shorewood's (read, "Indianapolis' Water Company's") real estate holdings and destroy that possible profit. Hence Mud Creek requiring 3600 new acres, some of it developed with expensive homes, becomes the next target for the IWC monolith.

Should the society allow even the rich be manipulated that blatantly by the other fat cats who control the public utilities? And should the water rates all people pay be raised to undergird IWC's real estate gambles?

NRI, with an admittedly selfish interest in this matter, has at least succeeded in slowing down the utility's drive for its land, and has forced consideration of other water storage options. Its protests in early 1968 stimulated the Marion County Flood Control Board to make its own study on the feasibility of IWC's plans, as they related to flood control. Their chief consultant Robert Dodson came up with a plan even more difficult for northeast county residents to swallow. That proposal was for the so-called Boy Scout Reservoir, which would dam Fall Creek two-tenths of a mile below its confluence with Mud Creek and flood both the Fall Creek and Mud Creek valleys, creating the second largest lake in Indiana. That dam would flood Fort Harrison and would inundate at least eight subdivisions, isolate the residents between Fall Creek and Mud Creek, destroy traffic patterns into Fort Harrison and put immense obstacle in the path of the city's northeast expansion.

PROFESSIONAL RESOURCES CRUCIAL

Since even more of NRI's families would have been drowned out by that proposal, opposition mounted steadily. Over \$12,000 in consultant fees were paid, \$75,000 worth of donated legal services utilized and a report was produced which demonstrates that Dodson's cost estimates for the Boy Scout Reservoir were low by 30 to 50 million dollars. NRI officials believe this destroys the financial feasibility of that multi-purpose project (flood control, recreation and water storage), and stimulated the search for other sites. However, NRI's current publications emphasize that this danger has not completely passed either.

The Corps of Engineers, who will be involved in the project if it is multi-purpose dam (instead of simply water storage) were interested in NRI's suggestion of a site farther up Fall Creek, 1100 feet downstream from the Geist dam. The Flood Control Board's Dodson had also suggested a site near there, but his suggested location would wipe out one new subdivision and a brand new \$224,000 bridge over Fall Creek. He's very bright.

Swoboda's prediction of the June 24 meeting is that the Forum will recommend speedy construction of a multi-purpose reservoir at an unspecified site on Fall Creek, thus eliminating the Mud Creek (though not the Boy Scout) danger. Costs should eliminate the Boy Scout project, leaving only the Highlands site, downstream from Geist. That, in turn, would flood much of Shorewood's potential housing project, possibly producing some justice.

Time is a key factor. As IWC Engineer Stout indicates, more water must be found by 1978. The surveying, planning, politicking, congressional action, etc., required to agree upon and fund a site such as Highlands often takes 10 years or more. "If by 1973 or 1974 at the latest, no decision has been made on the

WATER COMP.

BANKING

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multi-purpose project, we'll have to proceed with Mud Creek," Stout pointed out. Since that could profit his bosses by tens of millions of dollars, it's not surprising that they have not spoken up urging the Corps of Engineers to build such a multi-purpose project. Stout says he's encouraged that such a project will be built, as is NRI. But the wheels turn slowly, especially when the Water Company's corporate power withholds its impetus.

MONEY CAN WIN—SO?

If NRI wins, has justice been done? Certainly self-determination has prevailed, but as an anonymous government official told Swoboda, "If you people hadn't had money, administrative know-how, legal services and public pressure, we would have beaten you two years ago."

"Isn't that one hell of an implication about our system?" Swoboda asks. "If you have money, you can make the system work. What a travesty!"

"We didn't know much about the condemnation proceeding for Riley Towers or I-65 since the Pulliam press tells you only what it thinks is fit to print," Swoboda continued, "and since we weren't intimately involved we might not have been able to help anyway."

"But we know now we can't live an ostrich existence out here. We can lend support to other groups who don't have the resources we do, and maybe help some of the travesty of our system," he added. As current evidence he pointed out that NRI has a court suit pending demanding that the Indianapolis Water Company return the lands around Geist to public use, and a legislative program now underway to change Indiana's outdated laws that allow a public utility to condemn lands without having to show that their use will be in the public interest. That, in turn, could add power to those who lack it now.

—Brian Grant



Photo / John McAuliff

The brand new bridge over Fall Creek which will be completely covered by water under the current reservoir plan.

SANTA BARBARA

Barricades & Beatings

SANTA BARBARA, Calif. (LNS)—For the last week a state of war has existed on the campus of the University of California at Santa Barbara and in the surrounding community of Isla Vista where thousands of students and other young people live.

Reacting to the June 4 indictments of 17 activists on multiple felony charges stemming from the burning of the Isla Vista branch of the Bank of America in February (two of the indictments have since been dropped), hundreds of people, mostly organized in small groups, battled 300 heavily-armed highway patrolmen and county police for several nights, building barricades of burning cars and staging hit-and-run raids of the newly-built temporary branch of the bank and on several notorious rip-off real estate companies in downtown Isla Vista.

Frustrated by the demonstrators' tactics and the overwhelming hostility of the entire community, the pigs have proceeded to terrorize the entire area in the last few days with the use of a 7:30 pm to 6:30 am curfew, large amounts of tear gas and pepper gas, and constant invasions of dormitories and private homes to beat and arrest the inhabitants.

On the evening of June 9, the police responded to the resistance of small roving bands of young people setting up barricades with abandoned cars by gassing the whole town of Isla Vista, including several large college dormitories. In one dormitory, cops climbed to the seventh floor to arrest nine people who they claimed were using a slingshot to hurl stones and pellets at them.

Stephen Boyd was studying for an exam in the college's library when cops busted in and arrested him, twenty minutes before the curfew began. Recounting his experiences in jail, Boyd told the Los Angeles Times:

"They [the police] know the charges against us will probably be dismissed. So they are inflicting their own punishment. They left me tied almost four hours with nylon wristcuffs—all the circulation in my hands was cut off. There were men writhing on the floor crying, the cuffs got so painful after a couple of hours. They keep you in jail a night and a day and you have to pay the bail bondsman \$125 to get out. What does it matter if the case is dismissed?"

Edward Guerrero, a 30-year-old truck-driver, was coming down the stairs of his apartment in Isla Vista when police grabbed him and began beating him with riot sticks. His wife Diane told the L.A. Times reporter how she saw her husband "folded over in pain."

"I was going to make them arrest me too," she said, "but the children were crying and I know how tear gas affects my youngest son—he's eight and has asthma. I stayed behind and they took my husband away." Two other women who screamed when they saw Guerrero being beaten were also arrested for curfew violations after the pigs kicked in the door to their apartment, according to the Times.

Angered by such incidents of police terror, the Academic Senate of the University met the next day (June 10) and called for a non-violent sit-in to be held that night in Perfect Park, across from the "temporary" bank building in downtown Isla Vista. The purpose of the sit-in was to oppose the curfew by staying peacefully in the park after the 7:30 pm limit. By 7:00 in the evening over 2000 people had gathered in the park to participate in the planned action and to watch. Police moved in with more than 25 squad cars and a bus 15 minutes later and soon the crowd in the park shrunk to close to 1000. A few minutes after 7:30, groups of cops began to arrest those remaining, including several full professors at UCSB, most of whom went off to jail with little resistance except for the efforts of a few demonstrators to go limp.

After busting about 350, the cops got tired of the peaceful charade and told the rest of the crowd that they formed an "illegal assembly" and should leave the area immediately. According to observers, the cops waited no more than ten seconds before beginning to churn out huge amounts of pepper gas on the fleeing throng.

For the rest of the night—the fifth night in a row—the Santa Barbara area was the scene of a police riot, more widespread and brutal than any in California before. Scores of people were dragged out of their houses, beaten, and added to Santa Barbara's already bulging jail population (almost 1000 arrested in the last five days). A San Francisco Chronicle reporter saw police attacking women students in back of their dorm near the UCSB campus. He reports that the pigs were "kicking the girls in the groin repeatedly" and beating them with clubs. Another Chronicle reporter saw an elderly man beaten up by cops on the lawn of his own house as his daughter stood and screamed for the police to stop.

A pre-med student at the University, whose attendance at the rally in Perfect Park earlier was his first demonstration, told about the situation in the campus area:

"You can look out the window... They [the police] shine their searchlights in the window. If they see you, they'll come in. We have to hide behind the curtains...There are helicopters all over the place...Last night they busted into rooms and dragged people out. They haven't hit us yet. You just don't know when...My father asked, 'Why don't you just come home,' but I can't see what good that would be. I'm not a violent person...but you've got to take a stand. I decided to take a stand tonight. You can't imagine what's going on, I've seen it and I am radicalized."

The cops were not too careful who it was they were brutalizing. Two Los Angeles County plainclothesmen were busted while standing on a corner and were let out of jail only after their real identity was established. The Assistant District Attorney of Santa Barbara County was arrested on the lawn of his home in Goleta, a rich town adjacent to Isla Vista, and held incommunicado for 11 hours till the D.A. himself came and rescued his assistant pig from the embarrassed cops on duty.

In the understatement of the year, an official from the District Attorney's office complained, "This may be turning into a police riot. And that's the worst thing we could have happen here." An economics professor was more accurate. "It's unbelievable what has been going on. Now I know what it was like to live in Nazi Germany," he said after the police rampage June 10.

Early Thursday afternoon, June 11, the Board of Supervisors of Santa Barbara County (who have jurisdiction over Isla Vista, which is an unincorporated town, and the Santa Barbara Campus) declared the area to be in a "state of disaster" and asked Governor Reagan to alert California National Guard troops who have been on alert for the last four months in the Santa Barbara area.

Meanwhile, hundreds are starting their summer vacations scattered in jails all over Southern California.

Fellow bums, students, countrymen -- a strike is underway, which can increase beyond measure our mobility, our thoughtfulness, our useful political anger. Many are now free for the first time of the slavery of the virtuous tread mill. The things we did not want to do, the things that demeaned us and channeled us, silenced us, and distracted us, are now put aside. The real questions can now be raised. Are we really free and what will free people do with their lives? On our answers, and the actions that follow, the lives of many innocent people will depend. So will the death of that power which across the world has condemned so many to death.

-- May 19, 1970, Father Daniel Berrigan



Stephen Shames
Photo West/LNS

WEAPONS

NACLA, The North American Congress on Latin America, was the first new left research group organized. Its purpose was originally to provide activists with good material on US policy and institutions in Latin America. It still prints a monthly newsletter on which is excellent but its scope has broadened. Recently, NACLA published a new edition of its widely used Research Methodology Guide (\$1.25 a copy, bulk rates on request). This 73 page illustrated pamphlet includes insights on how to learn about personalities and elites, political parties, corporations, the media, labor, the military-industrial complex, the universities, the police, the church, the health industry, and the role of US imperialism in underdeveloped countries. NACLA has also just published a pamphlet titled "The Great South Asian War" (single copies 50¢) about US imperial strategy in Asia. Either pamphlet or the newsletter can be obtained from NACLA, Box 57, Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025.

REP, Radical Education Project publishes and reprints tons of movement literature every year. They have just issued a new price list which can be obtained free from REP, Box 561A, Detroit, Michigan 48232.

CCAS, Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars is a group of students and teachers of Asian studies who have not bought the line of the establishment in their discipline. They just published the pamphlet "America in Asia." It and other material can be obtained from CCAS, 2168 Shattuck Ave., Rm. 316, Berkeley, California 94709.

925 0157

It is very apparent that the telephone company has made an organized attempt to inhibit people from reaching the Black Panther Party Information Center. More than a few people have stated that operators have either given the wrong number or none at all. It is very clear that our telephones are not for The People.

YOUNG MAN DOES IT IN THE ROAD

CINCINNATI, Ohio (LNS)—Joseph Rahn, 21, was charged June 6 with reckless driving after he deliberately drove his vehicle into a police car. "I just felt like ramming a police car," he said according to a New York Times report.

WOMEN: vignettes

I usually get angry when I hear someone say "Women's Liberation is basically a movement for women's equal rights." Into my mind rushes a myriad of replies and counter-arguments. Yet, before I begin my refutation, something causes me to pause in order to reflect on the basic disagreement between me and the speaker. And, after all this thinking, I get extremely tired—too tired, in fact, to formulate my reply. So, here in these few paragraphs, I'd like to begin to explain why Women's Liberation is not basically an equal rights movement.

First of all.) the lack of equal rights for women (in terms of job opportunity, education, etc.) is only a superficial manifestation of a much heavier problem.

Second.) If equal rights were to be granted to women, there would be absolutely no assurance that equal treatment could be expected. (I see an analogy here with the civil rights struggle.)

Lastly.) The very implication of "equal rights" is that there is some uncomplicated, easy method of asserting and thereby claiming long denied equality with man.

No. At the root of women's oppression are a whole set of mores and values built into this culture at its basic structure, the family unit (which is also where a woman's vulnerability lies.)

Until women are liberated from stifling, menial, unselfactualizing roles as mothers, sexpots and wives in the basic family unit—there can be no children's liberation, or men's liberation. In sum, we want LIBERATION, not EQUALITY. We are hardly in a position to ask for equality, but we can demand liberation. The difference, sisters, is great.

—Mae Belle Price

Most obvious, concrete contributions to mankind have been made by men—while women's influence and ideas have been stifled, or at best channeled through others. There is a great reservoir of creativity and life yet to be explored in women.

Who knows? Perhaps if we begin to contribute our ideas, if we develop our creativity, we may end up with a more humane world.

Let us try, together.

I am coming to know the real me. I am in touch with what I am. In the end I am less than I thought I was, but after peel-away the outside stuff, I am more because what I am is the real stuff of life which can indeed die.

—Sheila Dietrich



Male Chauvinists

"Women are people, too." That statement says that women have rights equal to other human beings. But that's not all it says, for it implies that women have not always been considered people. And the fact that it is stated at all means that women still are not considered people.

Any society that has denied half the population its rights as people has seriously weakened itself. As more and more women become concerned about the restrictions they face in this society, the strength of women's liberation movement will grow. We can't be stopped.

—Christi Hershberger

* * *

Attending the women's liberation "support" meetings, as they are so aptly called, gives me a chance to be and feel and communicate with people who also know what it's like to be made common property when they walk down the street unescorted; people who have been told so often their only fulfillment is marriage; and that even when they learn better, it takes years of struggling to overcome the notion (and emotion), anyway.

Women's Liberation also offers me the chance to work for abortion reform; to help establish a cooperative day-care center; to advance sex education in public schools; and to increase my own consciousness of what liberation means.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the women's liberation movement is the growing recognition that the minds of all mankind are bound by the societies they live in. There aren't too many people who don't need to be liberated from fears that have been instilled in them or ideas that our culture has bestowed on them. Someone once said that we cannot live in a racist society without being a racist. And etcetera ad infinitum.

—Jan Xavier



ECUMENICAL FREE CHURCH IN BUT NOT OF INDIANAPOLIS, INCORPORATED is incorporated. If ya don't believe it, Goddamn come and see:

Fridays: Liberated Worship & Fellowship (a meal, too) 6:30 pm.
701 North Pennsylvania basement (of First Lutheran Church)

Saturdays: Liberated Worship & Fellowship (films too) all evening
The Catacombs, 130 East 22nd Street (22nd and Talbot)

The Free Church Is Everywhere

In Indianapolis? Yes. It's of course always been here. I've seen it every day walkin' down the street. It's you and me. But finally it's popped out and into paper and into obscure church basements and store fronts. Leaflets, guitars, meetings, a telephone, us PEOPLE.

Already there are regular get-togethers of the Free Church in the basement at 701 North Pennsylvania Street. Every Friday night it is open with free dinner, free movies, fellowship and worship—from 6:30 pm

agraphs to the "sermon" on different colored sheets of paper; the conglomerated "sermon" was read at the end of the silence (excerpts will be published in our first newsletter); the "hymns" were "I shall be released," "Cleanin' up the city," "I'm in the lap of my best friend," and "Hare Krishna." Then the movie "Monsieur Vincent" (The movie for the 26th and 27th, both locations, is Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven." Then on the 3rd and 4th, Peter Sellers' "The Bo-Bo.").

Through initial organization and donations of time and some (not enough, yet) money, we have rented a store front at 130 East 22nd Street where Talbot runs north right into 22nd. Starting Saturday, June 27, there will be weekly Saturday night movies open to the public with donations only requested. There will also be informal non-traditional fellowship and worship gatherings on Saturday. Starting Friday, June 26, there will be a 24 hour-a-day switchboard phone service manned by the Free Church: a number (don't know it yet) to call concerning rides out of Indianapolis, places to crash for the night, drug problems, depression, loneliness, communication with lost friends and family, the draft, school, the military, etc. We already have working relationships with psychiatrists, doctors, lawyers, educators, (ministers?), draft counselors, military counselors. This store front will be called the CATACOMBS.

Indianapolis needs an attitude of people that is open to strangers and those alone (all over this town). Not another self-sufficient, sheltered, closed clique, Lord no! It is in the spirit of openness and warmth that I place my energies and properties into the Free Church activities.

—Marty Campbell

panthers teach people

Liberation School is held everyday Monday through Saturday, from 11:00 to 12:00 and 1:00 to 2:00. The purpose of the Liberation School is to politically educate the kids about the existing problems. Classes are about the government, the puppets of the power structures and the "pig" police. The problems as related to their community are taught daily. Functional terms such as facism, imperialism, oppression, colony, racism, etc. are discussed. We have a daily attendance of about 12 a day.

We welcome the parents to come freely and examine our school to see for themselves we are not teaching hate.

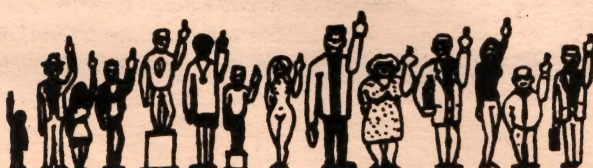
We are urging the parents and people of the community to come to us and discuss community problems. Working together, we can deal with many of the existing problems.

We also deal with free lunch daily Monday through Friday. Lunch is served from 12:00 to 1:00. These programs are right on, and the community relates to them.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
CHARLES GOLIAH

Indianapolis Chapter Black Panther Party

Note: The Free Press observed that the Liberation School program is also a program which teaches reading, pronunciation, word definition and the ability to understand and restate what is read. Educationally as well as ideologically this is a good program.

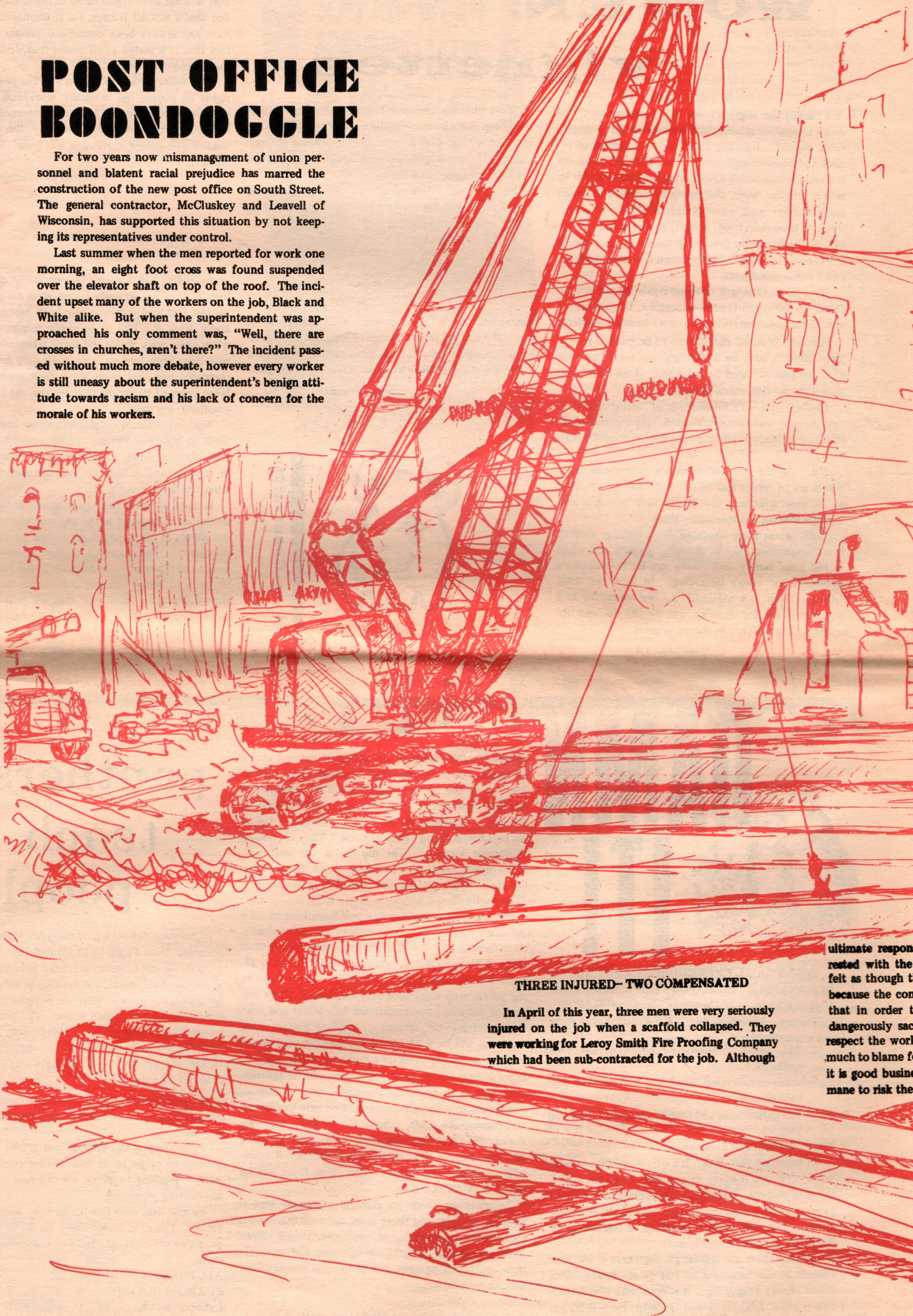


[Editors note—The Free Church's number is now known, it is 926-3393]

POST OFFICE BOONDOGGLE

For two years now mismanagement of union personnel and blatant racial prejudice has marred the construction of the new post office on South Street. The general contractor, McCluskey and Leavell of Wisconsin, has supported this situation by not keeping its representatives under control.

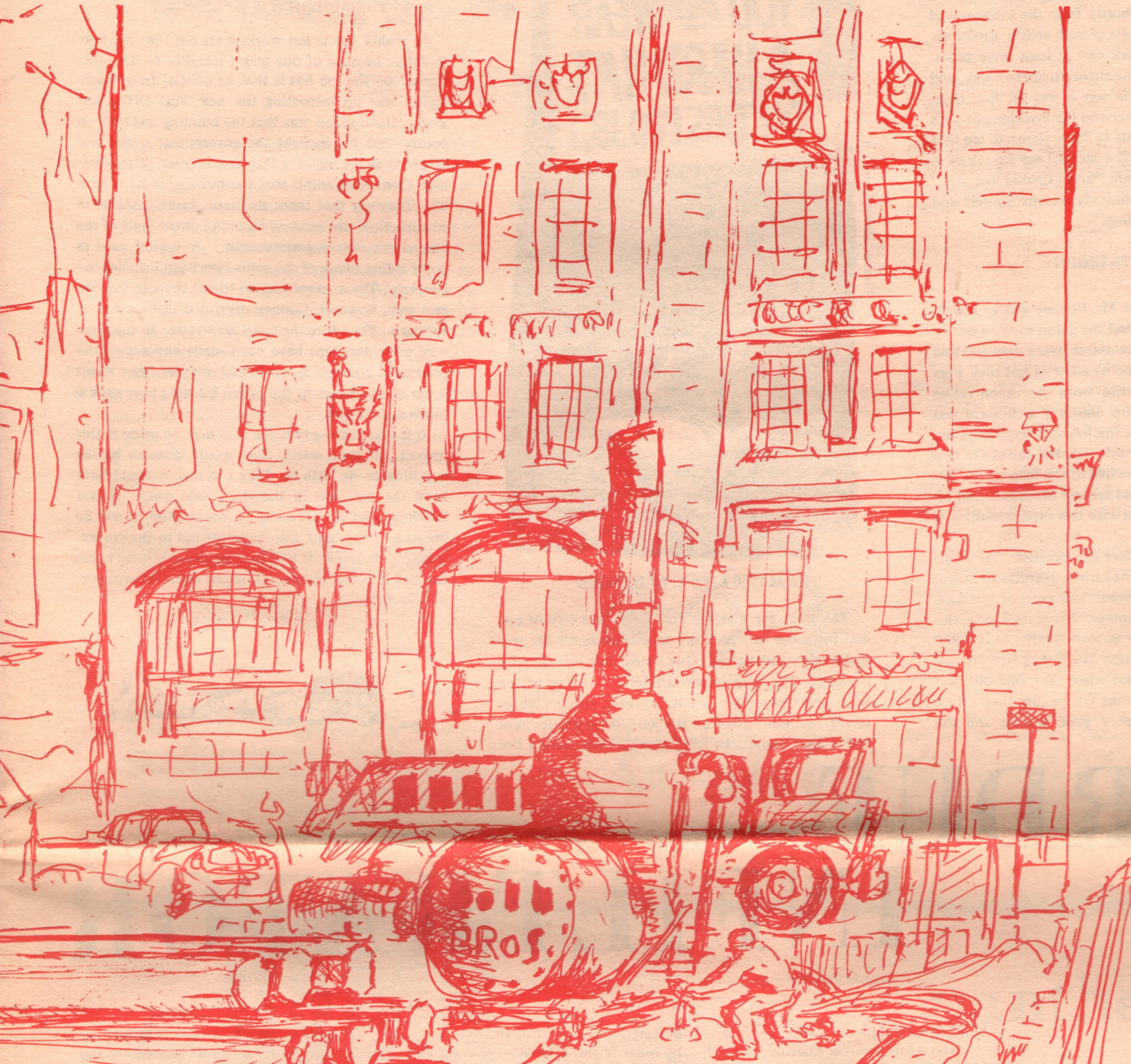
Last summer when the men reported for work one morning, an eight foot cross was found suspended over the elevator shaft on top of the roof. The incident upset many of the workers on the job, Black and White alike. But when the superintendent was approached his only comment was, "Well, there are crosses in churches, aren't there?" The incident passed without much more debate, however every worker is still uneasy about the superintendent's benign attitude towards racism and his lack of concern for the morale of his workers.



THREE INJURED— TWO COMPENSATED

In April of this year, three men were very seriously injured on the job when a scaffold collapsed. They were working for Leroy Smith Fire Proofing Company which had been sub-contracted for the job. Although

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But the story does not end here. Realizing how serious all three men were injured, the workers of the local union who were employed by this sub-contractor decided to voluntarily work one hour over time everyday for a week in order to raise funds for the families of the three men who would be out of work for an extremely long while. At week end the money was collected but the company divided the funds only two ways, giving the money to the two white families and ignoring the other who just happened to be Black. The executives alibied that the Black man was not hurt as much as the others and therefore did not have to receive the money. (None of the workers are as yet back to work.)

Needless to say everyone on the job was furious at the sub-contractors move. It seemed as though everything everyone suspected about the general contractor and some of the sub-contractors was proven true all at once. When the rest of the workers heard of the incidents they all decided to take up another collection, this time from the whole job and redistributing the money three ways. But when it came time to contribute many of the white workers refused to pay because they believed the Black union official would make a deal and give all that money to just the Black family. Therefore the collection was minimal (the official did in fact split it three ways). The end results of the incident is not only that a Black man got screwed, but just as important the feelings of racial prejudice and mistrust lie deeper in many of the workers on the job despite their desires to eliminate it.

INTOLERABLE WORKING CONDITIONS

Almost every worker on the job feels that the embodiment of prejudice, hatred, and mistrust is the local Superintendent of McKluskey and Leavell, Mr. Cooney. This one man has transferred the best job in town into a nightmare. First of all the men resent the fact that he is an out-of-state individual who has come on the job displacing all local union leadership. As is usually the practice the superintendent utilizes the

CONT. PAGE 8

Stallholder
May 7a
NOLA EXPRESS

P.O. continued

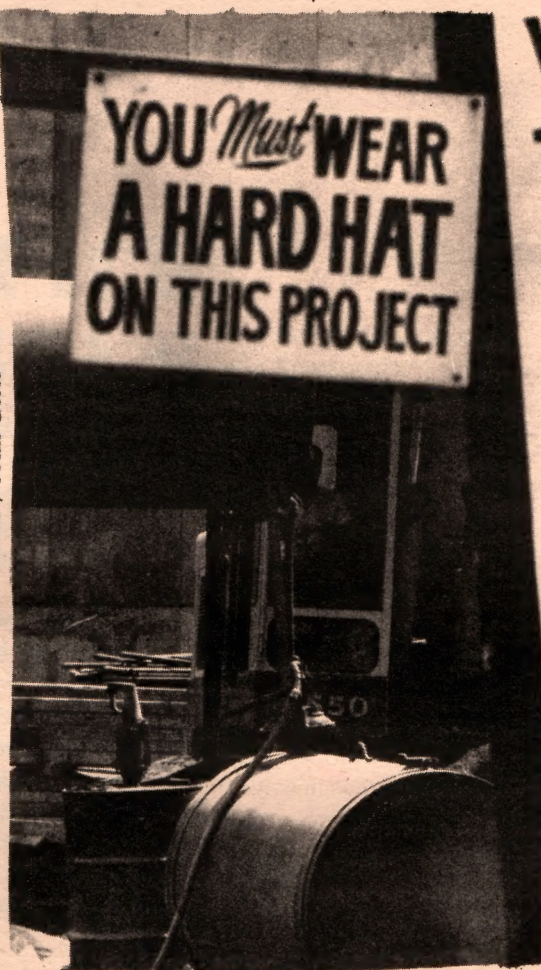
local leadership to get the job done; but not this superintendent. He is always on the job, in everyone's way, and usurps the authority from the foremen and union steward. The results of such action usually involve doing the same work over at least three times: once correctly, second, the superintendent's way, and third, redoing the job the way it was the first time. Yet the superintendent excuses his involvement with the labor because he wants to "save time and see that things are done right." The men all say he is a slave driver but mostly they resent "being treated like shit." They say he "cares for nobody except himself and treats everyone else like dogs."

AFFRONTS UNION

Earlier in the year when Mr. Cooney was approached about the way he treated the union men he simply replied that he didn't care about union men and said that he would hire anyone whether or not they were unionized. With that little word the union called everyone off the job. Supposedly a settlement was reached, but the men on the job say that things are worse than they were before and that the strike was not very effective. The feeling of the men on the job is that another strike is just around the corner and no settlement will be accepted until this superintendent is removed.

Most of the workers feel exasperated. They can not understand how one man can jeopardize so many. They say they feel "enslaved" and most of the men fear him in one way or another. Every man hates the fact that they have to go to work there. In fact one union official said that many times they have men in the hall wanting work, but when they find out that they are assigned to the Post Office job, they refuse to work despite reasonably good salaries and the shortage of work.

Photo / John Geier



THE MAN'S LIFE IS IN DANGER

The work force at the Post Office has told of several instances in which the superintendent's life was particularly endangered. One time a man was fired by Cooney. The man returned later in the day with a knife and was going to use it; however, another laborer stopped him. Also on the job several articles have fallen from above, the least of which has been a fire

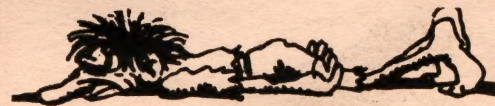
cracker. The men are giving warning that a change must be made. It looks like, if McKlusdey and Leavell don't make the change, the men will.

THE BUILDING IS A "LEMON"

In reality the union workers are not the only ones to suffer because of one man's inability to do a job. Rumor on the job has it that an official from Washington was up inspecting the new Post Office last week. His opinion was that the building was built so poorly that he thought the government would not accept it as the building they would lease. The workers themselves admit that the building is a real lemon. They say that there are many, many mistakes in construction and most of them the direct fault of the company's own superintendent. A typical case in point is that many of the stairs have been installed improperly. The workers wanted to put them in the correct way, however, Cooney overruled them and their foreman. Therefore the stairs are wrong. In the same way poor decisions have been made concerning the pouring of concrete floors in bad weather. As a result some of the floors in the office building have sunk as much as four feet.

It is also obvious that the men take no pride in this project. If they could, they would disavow having anything to do with it. "It's too bad, it could have been the best job in the city," said one. "If this building does get accepted by Washington, it will be because of the 'pull' the inspector has in the government." No doubt it will be accepted. If it isn't, you can bet that the blame will be put upon the workers, not Cooney.

—Ron Heilmann



PURDUE INFILTRATOR

by George Aylesworth

The following article is a first person account of the author's involvement in the FBI's program of using students to spy on students. Although occurring at Purdue University, the author feels that such activities are far from rare, and that the implications contained in it are fairly universal.

In the fall of 1968, a friend (who will not be named and who is no longer a danger) and I called the FBI office in Lafayette, Indiana, in pursuit of money and excitement, to inform on what we thought, when we witnessed it, to be a criminal act. Speaking for myself, at this time I had no political convictions or prejudices.

We talked to FBI Agent Ron Baradel and arranged to meet him on the steps of the courthouse in Lafayette, and after some cloak and dagger type dramatics, (He told us he thought we were part of a trap laid for him by the Peace Union) we made it to his office in the post office

building several blocks away.

After a lot of verbal sparring and foolishness from all parties, we were rather surprised to find him not interested in the criminal act (not in their jurisdiction), but willing to pay \$10 apiece for reports covering student activities on the Purdue campus. These activities were finally narrowed down to those of the Peace Union, and any hint of SDS activities. He gave us three names I can now remember and told us to especially watch these people. We were also told that we were only two of a sizeable number of such "spies" but that they couldn't tell us who they were. This ended the first meeting.

After we turned in several reports, one of which had to be redone because it was typed on Purdue form paper (for some reason completely tabu), we had a second meeting, and shortly thereafter a third. These rendezvous took place in the parking lot of a restaurant on U.S. 52 Bypass in West Lafayette in midmorning. For the third interview FBI Agent John Smock was present. He gave us \$25 cash for which we signed a receipt (This was the only money we ever received.) and told us to use pseudonyms in the future. I chose the name of Bill Stevens. We were also told just to put the address on the envelopes containing the reports and not Baradel's name when we mailed them. I still have in my possession a slip of paper on which Agent Baradel wrote his name and the address:

Ron Baradel
P.O. Box 461
Lafayette, Indiana 47902

During this interview we were given the specific thing we were to look for; we were to report the names of anyone talking about Cuba. Agent Smock assured us these people wouldn't be harmed, only

detained in the event of any national crisis by order of the Attorney General. This made me wonder naturally what was the magic of Cuba that people were going to be arrested for no more reason than that I reported them as talking about it. Several days later I turned in my final, probably the fourth, report in which I said I overheard a person, whose name I didn't catch, talk about Cuba. At this time I still wanted their money, but had already realized I couldn't give any names. Up to this time I had only given the names of those people they had mentioned previously in the context of... At the Peace Union meeting of some date, so and so was present.

Now I realized that I would be the criminal to continue any correspondence with these people and especially if I gave any names. Their interest in certain people and subjects prompted me to listen to what these people had to say and to study these forbidden subjects as best I could. I felt compelled to do this on my own and to avoid these people to whom I should have gone to immediately with this story mainly because of feelings of guilt. These same feelings of guilt have been a plague, not undeserved, causing me much pain and despair.

There is no defense that can be offered for these acts that could persuade me to acquit myself of the guilt, but let it be known that I have long since chosen sides and when the day arrives that the FBI starts seizing the people on its lists of names, they will have to come for me also as I share fully the convictions of those they wished me to betray.

It would do well for the reader upon finishing the above to consider the possibilities for thwarting such operations. Reprinted from the Detroit 5th Estate

It is my belief that many of the informers are people out for some excitement and some cash. Also very probably some of them are recruited following a bust for drugs or shoplifting, etc., and have made a deal for dropping the charges. That is, they are largely not dedicated investigators by any means and very often have no real convictions.

The presence of such people is very important to the FBI and local lawmen because they only have a limited number of professional undercover people, who can be used sparingly and very effectively only when the low paid amateurs do the routine observing and name gathering. The amateur work, when sorted and examined probably provides enough points of interest to keep the professionals busy. Most of these informers can only be discouraged by fear.

When the pursuit of excitement becomes too dangerous and \$10 is too small a price for terror they will probably quit. Surveillance of FBI offices and agents movements is quite possibly the only way to discover an informer's identity, and at least one of them must be found before real action to discourage spying can be taken.

It should be always kept in mind that the most effective action to stop such activities may hinge on one of the spies revealing himself. He will be afraid and ashamed to come forward and will need positive encouragement. If the treatment accorded this one is encouraging to his counterparts, presently more admissions may be forthcoming. All this of course, is based on the belief that subversion in student and other youth movements is very extensive.

KEEP ON TRUCKIN'



"The electric chair makes no distinction between white and black, student and worker, when the switch is pulled....This trial not only affects the Party and the struggle, but it affects the very soul of America. What is happening now, if let alone, will eventually touch the homes of those who feel that they are secure."
—BIG MAN, editor of the Black Panther newspaper

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (LNS)—It was just about a year ago that the New Haven 9—five men and four women in the Black Panther Party—found out that the government intended to kill them. On May 22, 1970 scattered in prison cells throughout Connecticut, they marked the first anniversary of their jailing on charges of murdering Alex Rackley, a Panther in good standing who, the defendants believe, died at the hands of police and an agent, George Sams.

It is becoming increasingly apparent to people around the country that the Panthers are speaking the truth when they scoff at official versions of their run-ins with the police and denounce as simple frame-ups the "crimes" for which so many Panthers are being prosecuted. May Day brought 20,000 demonstrators to the New Haven Town Green, which is a stone's throw away from the courthouse where the New Haven 9 are supposed to be tried. The organizers of the May 1 protest rally—the New Haven Black Panthers and the Panther Defense Committee—are now waging an intense educational campaign, both nationally and locally, to insure that there will be hell to pay if the nine Panthers are not freed.

Meanwhile, inside the old stone building at the edge of the Green, the Panthers' lawyers are ripping apart the government's case despite the endless antics of judges and prosecutors.

The testimony of one George Sams, a man with such a history of mental illness that the court was forced to order a mental examination, is the only scrap of evidence being used to hold Bobby Seale, National Chairman of the Black Panther Party, on murder charges. A lurid and lengthy affidavit signed by Sams, who has already pleaded guilty to murdering Rackley, was deemed sufficient evidence to prosecute Seale because, in Judge Mulvey's words, the statement was "replete with names, dates and places."

Even the prosecution admits that Seale was not in New Haven when Rackley was murdered. And as the Panthers' top lawyer, Charles Garry, pointed out in court, "There is no claim that Sams is a reliable informant or that previous experience with him led [Detective] DeRosa to have any faith in his credibility." Garry documented in great detail the Supreme Court's position that an accusation from such a source is not enough to establish probable cause for an arrest.

But Judge Mulvey did what he had to do "Motion to dismiss charges against Bobby Seale denied."

So it seems that in the New Haven courtroom, the testimony of one man, even if he is crazy, a police agent, or both, is enough to press murder charges against the chairman of a national political party, as long as the testimony is chock full of "names, dates and places."

Seale's experience of American justice checks out with that of the other eight defendants: Seale, Ericka Huggins, Lonnie McLucas, Francis Carter, George Edwards, Rose Smith, Margaret Judgins, Landon Williams and Rory Hithe have all been denied bail.

Since absolutely no evidence has ever been presented against Francis Carter, the defense lawyers recently made a big push to get her out of jail. This was delayed when a seemingly sympathetic federal judge decided to take his time mulling over her plea to be released on bail.

It was really no surprise. Last fall, after a lengthy bail hearing and over the extreme opposition of the prosecution, the court granted Miss Carter bail when no evidence could be produced to implicate her in any crime. But State's Attorney Arnold Markle couldn't stand the fact that one of the defendants would be free, so he called her to the stand less than 48 hours after her release, granted her a dubious immunity, and tried to force her to testify against the other Panthers. Miss Carter refused and was sentenced on the spot to six months in jail for contempt of court.

During the four months Francis has already served, her lawyer, Catherine Roraback, has collided head-on with one legal obstacle after another. She has been unable to get her bail restored or her contempt conviction overturned, although all of the original charges against her in the Panther case have been dropped.

Her case finally reached a federal court, where US District Judge Joseph Blumenfeld appeared shocked at the treatment Miss Carter had received. The judge asked Assistant State's Attorney John Kelly why, in view of the fact that as a supposed murder she had been judged fit to be freed on \$10,000 bail, she was not freed on bond while she appealed a simple contempt conviction.

Kelly conceded that many criminal defendants are granted appeal bond, but replied that Miss Carter's contempt had been judged to be civil contempt.

"Civil contempt?" shot back the judge, not believing his ears. "Do you jail people for civil contempt?" Kelly replied that Francis Carter had been very contemptuous indeed, and in open court no less.

For whatever reason, Judge Blumenfeld refused to order an immediate reversal of Francis Carter's denial of bail. Maybe he will and maybe he won't before all six months are gone for good.

Anyone who gets a glimpse of what the machinery of the "law" is doing to the nine Panthers in New Haven has to make connections in his mind which the government would prefer to obscure. So, while the Panthers explore every legal byway if only to expose the unyielding bias of the court system, Judge Mulvey has issued a blanket order to envelop the proceedings in as much secrecy as is possible.

He has prohibited public statements about the trial by defense lawyers and anyone else officially connected with the case. (The prosecution, of course, had months to feed its story of Rackley murder to a generally receptive press.) Mulvey's order forbids any cameras, tapes, and even sketching within or near the courthouse, prohibits the public form demonstrating in the neighborhood, and requires searching of all persons entering the courtroom.

Naturally, the order which intended to provide cover for the legal carnival inside the New Haven courthouse, is itself the subject of legal attack. A motion to have it overturned is in the hands of a three-judge panel of the US Circuit Court of Appeals.

Bobby Seale still has several pre-trial motions to be heard, including a motion for bail, which is being held up pending George Sams' psychiatric examination. Two of the defendants, Rory Hithe and Landon Williams, are still fighting extradition from Colorado. The defense intends to challenge the prosecution's effort to split the defendants up with four separate trials instead of one joint trial. And there are many more grounds that the defense lawyers plan to argue which are sufficient for quashing the charges altogether. The trial itself may be delayed until the fall.

On the local level, both Yale University and the Hill District, New Haven's black ghetto, are centers of daily preparation for the job of freeing the New Haven 9. In late April, Yale students struck to demand that Yale serve the black community of New Haven better. Even Yale's liberal president, Kingman Brewster went so far as to get himself in trouble with Spiro Agnew by doubting that the New Haven 9 could get a fair trial given the country's current political alignment. Visitors to New Haven for the May Day demonstrations found the buildings of Yale considerably more liberated than Kingman Brewster and essentially at their disposal.

But as the strike goes on, people are talking about forcing Yale—with its vast facilities and resources to function even more effectively on behalf of the New Haven 9.

"The question which we must concern ourselves with is not just how to liberate more space, but rather how to transform that which is liberated or quasi-liberated into revolutionary territory," suggests the Panther Defense Committee. "And we should think not just in terms of one Liberation school, but in terms of a network of free territories. Each campus will then serve as a political focus, as a center for revolutionary activity within each region."

If Yale is the site of much ferment (an assembly of 1000 people at Yale for example called the recent national student strike around three demands), so is the Hill District in perhaps a less eye-catching way. Every community group active in the Hill district is reaching many people with a message enunciated by Big Man, the editor of the Black Panther Party's national newspaper:

"It is time for all people who want to see justice in America to fight for it. Not just talk about it but DO something about it!"

P A N T H E R S

FREE
BOBBY
SEALE
RALLY

JULY 10, 2 PM



"FREE
BOBBY RALLY"
FEDERAL BLDG.
JULY 10TH
2 P.M.



by Martin Glaberman

Detroit

Walter Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers (UAW) was killed in a plane crash May 9. The UAW Executive Board subsequently chose Leonard Woodcock, head of the union's GM Division, to succeed him. In this article Martin Glaberman reviews Reuther's career and assesses the significance of the end of the Reuther era at the UAW. Martin Glaberman is an auto worker and was chairman of the Facing Reality Committee (publisher of Speak Out) until it dissolved in April of this year.

I just finished listening to the eulogies delivered at the funeral of Walter P. Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, and his wife. The most interesting eulogy was not delivered at the funeral. A few days ago Virgil Boyd, vice chairman of the Chrysler Corporation, said: "It's taken a strong man to keep the situation under control. I hope that whoever his successor may be he can exercise equal internal discipline."

This has been a recurrent theme in the career of Walter Reuther. In 1967, after he had ended a wildcat strike at a General Motors stamping plant in Ohio, the Detroit News, invariably hostile to union demands, raised the question: "What will happen when Reuther is no longer at the helm? . . . We hope Reuther is around a long time as head of the international, but we are concerned about the future of union-industry relationships when Reuther's special talents are no longer available." Their basic concern was that a successor to Reuther would not have his authority and would have to make concessions to local autonomy.

That is making the industry nervous today, on the eve of new contract negotiations. If there is any struggle for power in the UAW it will offer to the rank and file membership of the union the opportunity to influence decisions from which they have been long excluded. And once you start giving rights to members . . . who knows where that process ends?

The disciplining of the membership has been one of the keystones of Reuther's policy but it would be most deceptive to think of Reuther as simply a company man. He is a type of union leader formed in the thirties, the type that came to head most of the industrial unions, and he is not simply a sophisticated version of George Meany or the typical old-line AFL leader.

Early life

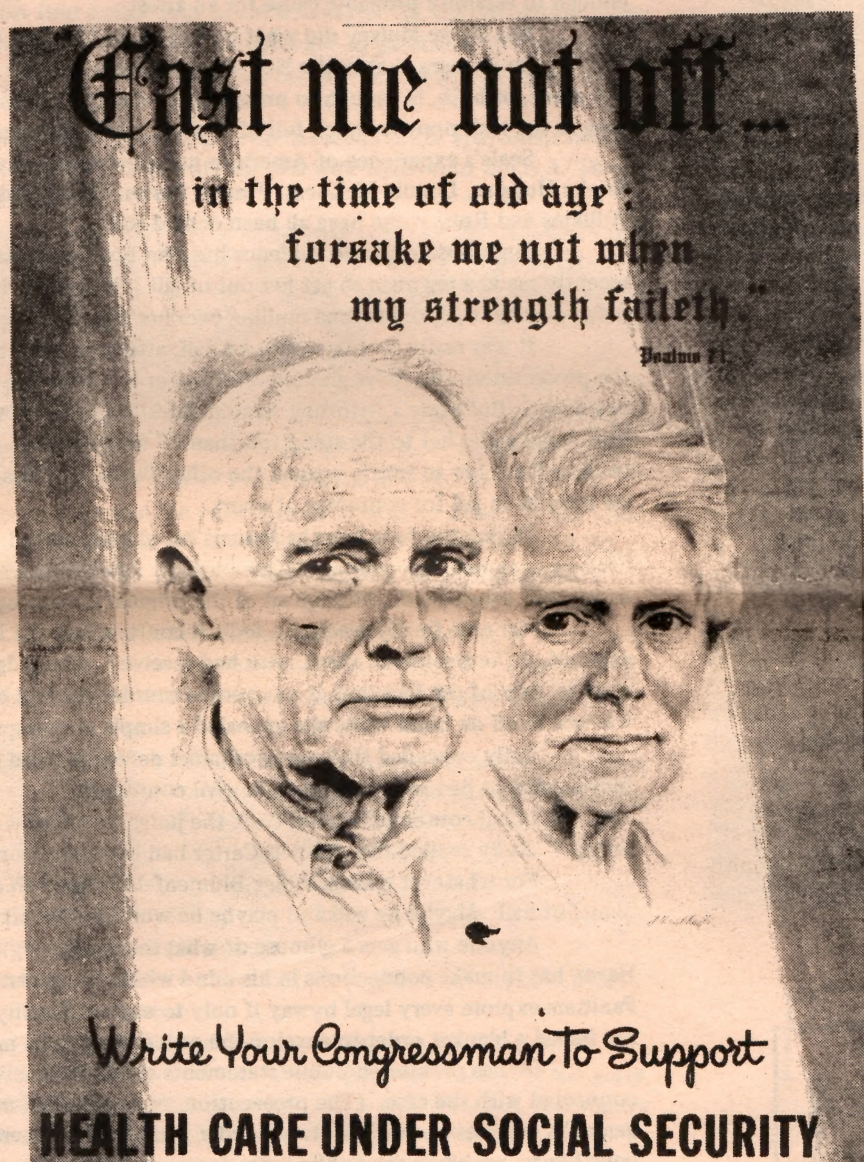
Reuther was, in his early years, a socialist of a sort. It is hard to pin down solid facts about Reuther's early jobs in industry because facts tend to get obscured by the twin mythologies (pro- and anti-Reuther) that have been formed. He apparently worked as a tool and die worker and as a foreman. He also lost some jobs — whether as the result of union organizing or not is not clear. But there is agreement that at one point in the thirties he left Detroit to tour the world with his brothers and that he spent some time working in the Soviet Union. There was a time, in the late forties and early fifties, when reactionaries tried to use that trip against Reuther and the UAW played it all down. With the thaw in the cold war there was no longer that concern to doctor the past.

But the trip to the Soviet Union remains an intriguing element in Reuther's career. He worked as a tool and die man in Soviet auto factories. He praised the Soviets in his letters home and to friends when he got back. What is interesting about this (apart from the fact that he would have gotten favored treatment as a visiting foreign worker with special skills) is that he became enthusiastic about Russian developments in the years of the purge trials, the slave labor camps, and the draconian labor laws designed to rapidly transform a peasant population into disciplined industrial workers.

In the years that followed, the formative years of the UAW, Reuther was a member of the Socialist Party. Within the labor fraction of the SP at that time, Reuther was basically viewed as a Communist Party sympathizer. There was never any assurance that Reuther would accept decisions of the SP caucus in the union. It was not, of course, at all a matter of political principle. It was pure opportunism. As soon as the CP (and the SP) became a handicap in his rise to power in the union he severed all connections with American radical movements

UAW STRONGMAN —

REUTHER IN RETROSPECT



Famous UAW public education poster.

"A union divided by the idiocy of racial discrimination can never present a strong and powerful front when dealing with management. Management understands the weakness of a union divided by discrimination and generally encourages and intensifies the division by practices of its own inside the plant. When time comes for contract negotiation and/or strike possibilities, management will play one group off against another, knowing that while their members are fighting each other—management can defeat them both."

—from the New Orleans NOLA Express

Social unionism

The strategy to take Plant 4 was clear to all of the union members in the plant. It was inherent in the situation and didn't take any special knowledge or skill. A diversionary move had to be planned to draw protection away from Plant 4. The key was execution. Only a handful of people could be informed of the strategy and there could be no leaks. This strategy was proposed at the SP fraction and was opposed by Reuther as unworkable. The fraction adopted it, however, and the SP people took it to the UAW. Reuther indignantly denounced the strategy and proclaimed that if it failed he would disclaim any connection with it. It succeeded and, of course, Reuther took credit, if not for inventing it, at least for pressing for it.

The UAW has a reputation for "social unionism" and it is important to trace that in Reuther's career. In 1940 (abandoning his earlier political allies) Reuther endorsed Roosevelt's foreign policy and moved toward war. He came up with the first of his famous plans. It was a plan for the auto industry to produce 500 planes a day. It was at first bitterly attacked by the industry and ignored by the government (although, later, elements were adopted as the government organized for total war). In June of 1945, as the war was coming to a close, Reuther published a pamphlet, "The Challenge of Peace," which proposed converting aircraft factories to mass produced pre-fabricated housing.

Whether the particular plans were workable or not is purely incidental. What emerges, and remains a consistent feature of Reuther's leadership, is Reuther the social planner. Restrained by the limits of American politics and the American labor movement, he nevertheless clearly parts company with the business unionists of the AFL. He is the statist, the planner, ready to nationalize but not ready to relinquish control. It is all for the good of the workers, of course, but it has to be done for them, not by them. In the Soviet Union he would have been a functionary of the unions or a plant manager. In France he would have been at home as a leader of the CGT. In England he would have been head of a trade union or a member of Wilson's cabinet. His patriotism had no principle connected with it. It was simply the need to attach himself to a particular national capital and to act as its spokesman.

It is this which explains the peculiar combination of conservatism and militancy which seemed to characterize Reuther and which confused his radical opposition. The radicals assumed that Reuther was simply a sophisticated version of the company man and campaigned against him on the basis that they could have gotten more from the corporations in negotiations or in struggle. On the whole, that was nonsense and the auto workers knew that it was nonsense. If you grant the framework of collective bargaining, that is, the maintenance and continued existence of corporate capitalism, then it is not very likely that any other spokesmen for the union could have gotten significantly more than Reuther did. He was a shrewd negotiator and if, at times, someone else could have gotten a penny an hour more, it was just as likely to be a penny an hour less.

STRIKE LEADER

This combination of opportunistic militancy and conservative adherence to the status quo is the basic feature of Reuther's career (and it typified other former CIO leaders such as Bridges and John L. Lewis) and it takes concrete form in the rise to power of Reuther and his management of the union as president.

At the end of the war, with most of the union leadership timid about embarking on a major struggle in the face of reconversion to peacetime production, Reuther, as head of the GM Department of the UAW led a militant 113 day strike against GM in which he raised the kinds of public demands (such as no price rises) for which he became noted. He didn't win much, at least in part because his demands were undercut by settlements in steel and in the electrical industry. But it also established Reuther's reputation in the UAW as a whole as a militant and competent strike leader. This was made quite easy because it broke with four years of patriotism, strike-breaking, and collaboration with the government of the Addes-Thomas-CP administration of the union. At the 1946 convention of the UAW Reuther's defeat of Thomas for the presidency marked the

Interesting was Reuther's incorporation of the Trotskyist demand for an escalator clause, gearing wage scales to cost-of-living increases. He had consistently opposed it when it was raised within his union. Presumably he had accepted Trotsky's claim that it was a transitional demand, that is, that it seemed reasonable to workers in the existing context but was in reality incompatible with capitalism so that it would move workers to struggle against the system as a whole. But, lo and behold, he found the proposal put forward by General Motors in contract negotiations. That naturally made him a quick convert and he easily took credit for another precedent-shattering victory. C.E. Wilson, GM head, praised that settlement as the purchase of five years of labor peace.

NEW MILITANCIES

That was the *prid pro quo*. High wages, pensions, cost-of-living allowance, etc. in exchange for an absolute no strike pledge absolute discipline of the workers in production, bureaucratization of the grievance procedure, erosion of the working conditions that had been won during the thirties and early forties. And with Reuther's one party state in iron control of the union machinery the workers turned elsewhere to seek redress of their grievances.

In 1955, the year that Reuther won the first breakthrough on the guaranteed annual wage (supplemental unemployment benefits), the contract victory was greeted by a wave of wildcat strikes in auto factories from coast to coast. The issues were "specific local grievances." The union and the grievance procedure was no longer able to deal with the problems that faced the workers directly. The separation between union and membership became almost complete and it imposed certain problems on Reuther. In the following two contracts he won nothing at all, basically because he could not

offer anything in return. If the union's discipline could not prevent major wildcats from breaking out, there was no longer any reason for the auto corporations to sweeten the pot.

In the sixties he was confronted with a new problem: the emergence of the black auto workers. They are in a majority in the Detroit metropolitan area and can therefore dominate the industry. The International Union has viciously attacked the League of Revolutionary Black Workers and pretends that it has always been ahead of its membership in fighting for equal rights for black workers. That the white membership of the UAW is more backward than its leadership on the race question is pure mythology. While there is not the blatant rhetoric of the building trades and while overt discrimination in union locals is disciplined by the International, one need only look around the auto plants and see the small numbers of black workers in tool and die, machine repair, and the cleaner and better jobs to be aware of the willingness of the union leadership in contract negotiations to accept the patterns of racial discrimination. Reuther's march with Martin Luther King was his way of campaigning for black votes where it was safe. The situation in the shops was quite different. One has only to compare the viciousness with which the union disciplined workers who violated the no-strike pledge with the moderation with which the union treated workers who discriminated against black workers to be aware of what Reuther's priorities were.

It was the growing separation of rank and file workers from the union and the militancy of the young auto workers, especially the blacks, that led Reuther to abandon the AFL for independent unionism. Once his ambitions to head the AFL had to be abandoned, it became clear that continued sharing of leadership in the AFL would considerably restrict Reuther's freedom of movement in relation to his own rank and file. He also had plans to incorporate the new militancy of the young in some kind of neo-leftist coopted political movement.

All this is now left to his successor, but with much less chance of success. The fears of the Detroit News and the auto industry are real. The power vacuum caused by Reuther's death raises the spectre of the self-activity of the rank and file auto worker.

Liberated Guardian

Mr. Howard pointed out the inability of the FEPC to function hurts rank and file white workers who have complaints as well as blacks.

The denial of lost time money for the FEPC is not the only example of misallocation of union funds. The union spent almost \$30,000 to send 25 men to Atlantic City for 4½ days of the UAW National Convention. MOE sent six representatives of its own for 3 and one half days for only \$550, which the organization raised.

MOE is attempting to force the union to confront Allison's hiring practices. According to Mr. Howard there are about 650 blacks among approximately 7,000 hourly employees. 85% of the blacks hold low grade jobs such as shipping, blasting, or maintenance, with little or no chance to be upgraded. One black man has worked at Allison for 20 years and in that time he has been upgraded from janitor to maintenance and no more. Only 6 of the approximately 350 workers in maintenance are white. Black women to an even greater extent are consistently given toilet cleaning or some other meaningless job.

Mr. Howard said that MOE will be working through various legal means to attempt to change this situation. One way is to educate and organize black workers into a political force in the union. A major problem to overcome is the blacks' fear of losing their jobs if they are involved in any organization which challenges the present set up. This fear is not unfounded. Four blacks from different areas of the plant were drinking cokes together and were seen by a superintendent. The immediate reaction was that they were "conniving to cause trouble." Thus, one given 30 days suspension, another 4 days, another the rest of the shift, and the other a reprimand.

MOE has gone to the Anti-Discrimination League of the national UAW with its demands. They include: 1) that the FEPC function effectively, 2) that Local 933 be made to represent Blacks, 3) that the job upgrading process within the plant be improved. In addition attempts are being made to bring government pressure to have the Union meet Federal non-discrimination standards.

MOE is also forming coalitions with more militant groups such as the League of Revolutionary Black Workers in Detroit. The two groups met in Atlantic City at the UAW National Convention. There they discussed strategy for challenging the UAW leadership to effect changes on a national scale.

In the future Mr. Howard saw the MOE expanding its efforts in two ways. First on a local level, it will be moving into other UAW plants around the city. Other workers are facing basically the same problems as at Allison, although the behavior is often not as blatant. Secondly, MOE will continue forming coalitions with similar groups across the nation to develop the power to put pressure on the national leadership of UAW.

(MOE meets every Saturday morning at 9 am at St. John's Baptist Church, 1701 Martindale Ave.)

—Paul Mack

Black Workers Unite at Allison

Blatantly racist practices at the Allison plant in Indianapolis by both management and labor have produced a reaction among the black workers. The Movement for Opportunity and Equality (MOE) has been organized inside United Auto Workers Union Local 933. MOE chairman Glenn Howard and three other black workers organized the group in January after observing discrimination by Allison (a Division of General Motors) and denial of union benefits.

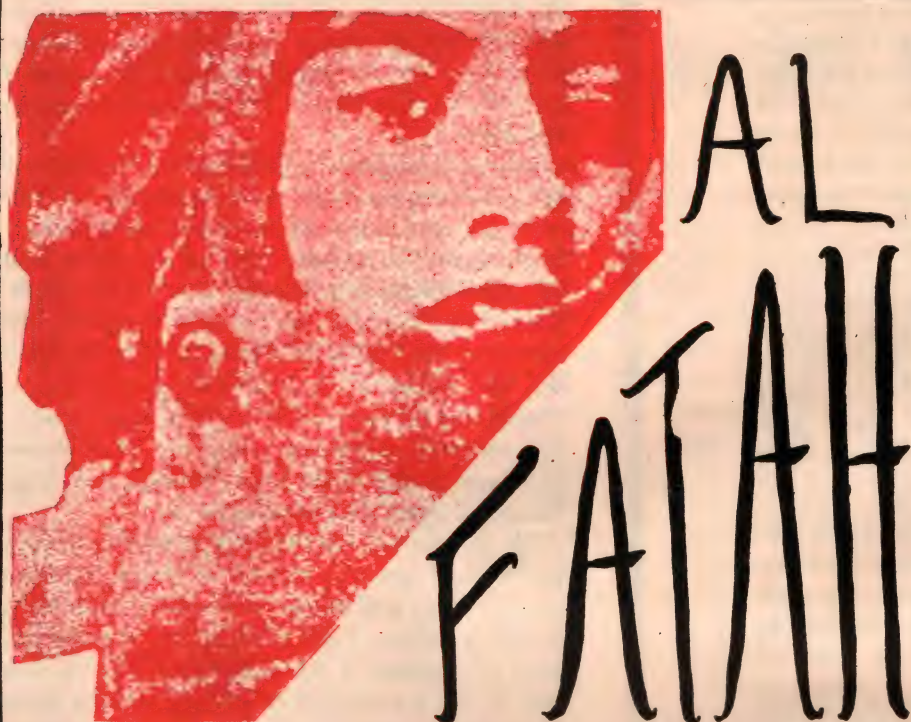
Mr. Howard saw one clear example of discrimination the day he was hired in 1968. After being informed there were five openings for him to choose from, he sat in the office and watched other blacks who applied told that there were no jobs available. Howard himself had been finally hired after nine years of applying mainly because he was acquainted with someone working in personnel.

That is just one of a long list of complaints which MOE is attempting to address itself to. Another is that blacks are systematically denied access to policy making within the union. Election slates presented to the rank and file have one or two token blacks out of 14 to 25 nominees. Even these blacks are not normally placed in key union policy positions. Mr. Howard said that he was told by a white union member that there had been specific discussions on how to keep blacks out of the decision making process.

The only committee which blacks are consistently placed on is the Fair Employment Policy Committee (FEPC). This committee does not make policy, but is supposed to be a review board for union member grievances. In fact, Mr. Howard claims that blacks are encouraged to be on the FEPC, so they won't be able to serve on the important committees. Moreover, the FEPC is blocked by the union from being effective.

First of all, it is underfunded. More money is allotted for the recreation committee than for the FEPC. The reason given is that there is not enough lost time money available for FEPC members (Lost time is money paid by the union to the workers who lose working hours while serving some union function). Between \$14,000 and \$25,000 is spent per month for lost time and virtually all of it goes to the other committees, all of them white dominated.





He is young, dark; a thick beard almost covers his face; he wears the battle tunic of the commandos and over his right shoulder is slung an AK 10 automatic rifle. For months his whereabouts were a mystery; today he is sought by the entire Arab world. His name is Al-Ahmed Assabah and he is the brother of Kuwait's foreign minister. At the end of the war he left his family, his life of wealth and petroleum and became one more fighter in Al Assifa, the military arm of Al Fatah. . . .

PAST & PRESENT

We begin with Balfour. Picture an Englishman in a world of white pith helmets; getting the TIMES in the early evening shade; Balfour sits down and writes a proclamation:

"His Majesty's Government looks favorably on the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people and WILL DO ITS BEST TO ACHIEVE THIS AIM."

He becomes then, this Lord, the King of the Jews, reclaiming a kingdom lost in the year 70 A.D.

The time is 1917, England rules half the world, and the sun looks as if it will never set on those gardens, those faces.

2 years later a group of Zionists present a memorandum to the Paris Peace Conference. They want to establish a Jewish State in Palestine. England relents. Turning Palestine into a Jewish State is not part of their policy. The Zionists begin a large scale terror campaign. And the U.S. takes up where the English left off giving unlimited support to various Zionist projects.

30 years to the day after the Balfour Declaration, imperialism obtains from the U.N. a declaration of the division of Palestine into 2 states, one Arab and one Jewish. Completely ignored is the fact that the Palestinian Arabs make up 93% of the population; own 94% of the land; control 95% of the wealth. In control now of 56% of the land, the Zionists mobilize themselves quickly and turn a racial-religious problem into an economic-political one. 55 nations immediately recognize the new government; many send large contingents of Zionist immigrants to bolster its strength in divided Palestine. A well-equipped army is created, vastly superior to the military forces of the Palestinian forces.

In 1948 the forceful removal of Palestinian Arabs from their homes begins. 20 years later, during the six days war, Israel achieves the complete occupation of Palestine. Their borders extend to the Western bank of the Jordan and far beyond Gaza, with the complete occupation of the Sinai Peninsula.

They are called refugees and there are 2 million of them. They live in camps, in small tents; their human existence is inconceivable. Some live scattered in the mountains; they stretch 2 pieces of cloth over logs; they wait till their country will be free. . . .

THE RISE OF THE VANGUARD

In 1954, in Gaza, under the greatest secrecy, an organization was created for the liberation of Palestine. It was called Al Fatah.

At first they worked cautiously in the shadows, moving among the people, acquainting them with the nature of the struggle and the existence of a vanguard group capable of making any sacrifice in the liberation effort.

11 years were to pass before the Palestinians were able to establish themselves militarily and begin thru armed struggle the process of regaining their freedom, land, and homes. 11 years before Al Fatah succeeded in getting the world to recognize its right to develop the struggle of and for the Palestinian people. But it was during the June war that the commandos made international news with their daring attacks against a powerful army.

ORGANIZATION & STRUCTURE

Who, what is Al Fatah?

It is a national liberation movement. Its leaders, with rare exceptions, are not known; they all use assumed names; they live completely underground.

Al Fatah is led by an Executive Committee which is in charge of both the political and military strategy.

The Political Section reaches every single fighter and it begins on the very first day of training. Its aim is to lead the fighters and the Palestinian people in general toward a better understanding of the struggle and of the problems of the world today; it speaks of a world divided into 2 camps; the people of the world against those who oppress them.

Finally, the Al Assifa (storm commandos) represent the military force responsible for carrying out armed struggle within the occupied territory.

It is true that imperialism has tried to confuse world public opinion; it has even found spokesmen who try to present the struggle as one of Israel, a small people of 2 million Jews, threatened with extermination by 100 million Arabs. We have not taken up arms to force 2 million Jews into the sea or conduct a religious or racial war. The Jews lived with the Arabs for many years and we have never proposed expelling them from Palestine. We are carrying the war forward to expel from our country a military occupation force set up by imperialism and led by the U.S. government. We are showing that in reality the struggle is being waged by an imperialist army of occupation and a handful of Palestinian patriots who keep that army checkmated. Our struggle is for Palestine, for the Arab people, for the world. We are a national liberation movement which is struggling just like the fighters of Vietnam, Bolivia, or any other people of the world.

TIME & CHANGE

The change came, and came in a heavy way, after the disaster of the war in June. Old and decrepit demagogues who for many years had controlled the Palestinian organizations were dismissed. Arab unity increased. The sense of a people engaged in a common struggle took hold and revitalized the masses of Arab people. And armed struggle took precedent over all other forms of the liberation movement.

Today, in training camps, the future liberators of Palestine are being trained. They are divided into small groups, each of which is trained in a different field. Some learn hand-to-hand combat, half of them attacking with knives, and their partners disarming them with astounding ease. Others carefully study how to handle anti-aircraft machine guns; still others learn how to handle bazookas; while, in another part of the camp, hundreds of men do physical and balancing exercises accompanied by loud war chants and battle cries.

The Middle East is changing and Al Fatah has been instrumental in that change. The era of sultans and kings is fading and the time of revolutionary struggles of the Algerians, the Vietnamese, and other peoples are an example and an inspiration.

The defeat in the June war has, in a way, been turned ultimately into a victory. It taught the Arab people what the only language understood by their enemies is. Al Fatah is the vanguard of that struggle not only because of its heroism militarily, but because it is creating a new generation for the future capable of fighting till the last man. The word "truce" will be an alien one to their ears. The only language they will understand is the language of war that will bring them a definitive peace, the only genuine peace, the peace that brings happiness to people, the peace forged by the revolution.

الشعب الافروامريكي ١٨ آب



GOOD, BAD, & THE UGLY

Middleearth, Indianapolis' new seatless rockhouse, opened Thursday, June 18, at the renovated former Ritz Theatre. Rotary Connection, The Flock, and Gidian's Bible provided the entertainment for the approximately 1600 people present during the Thursday and Friday night shows.

Middleearth was started by four young men (Tim Quinn, Jim McSweeney, Al Cerulli, and Jack Connelly) who borrowed money—no strings attached—from individuals in order to get the building into shape and to bring in the first groups. The building is in good condition with the floor now carpeted, walls painted, plumbing repaired, air conditioning installed, etc., mainly through the efforts of the four co-owners and several people working free or for reduced fees. The sound system is good and the decor, though simple provides a pleasant atmosphere for the concerts.

Middleearth plans to open up their facilities three days a week for the poor youth of the community, providing the youth with instruments and instruction.

The promoters, two of whom have prior experience in independent promoting (Cerulli and McSweeney), hope to provide consistently good entertainment at reasonable prices (\$4.00—compared to Coliseum prices at \$6.50). The four founders have made clear their intention to earn a living expenses wage only. The present projection is to lower the prices once attendance increases and the debts incurred to ready the building are paid off. Quinn, McSweeney, Cerulli and Connelly have started Middleearth because of their interest in music and providing what they feel is a worthwhile service to the community.

—Jack Quinn

...I knew something stunk before I even got near Crosley Field. One dollar for parking and a sign saying "giant pop festival! Only \$6.50!" (yeh). But still people looked sort of ready to move so I pressed onward---

Lines like you never want to see. Thousands of people...and hundreds of cops. A cloudy sky and long lines. Moving on I could see some people weren't going to go for that \$6.50 crap. Scaling the walls, pushing down the gates, yelling, something was really happening for a while. But more cops came and started beating heads.

Upon gaining entrance, I found out why I hadn't been hearing very much music outside.

Remember Mike Quator's ad: "Come together in peace on the grass under the sun and the stars." Well, the concert wouldn't start according to the friendly hip emcee, until everybody got off the grass. So people in the stands (mostly the ones that had good seats) started chants like "go go go" and "power to the people/get off the grass". So then this guy started this crap about the small minority ruining the rest of the kid's good time, and how the people in the stands ought to forceably move the people on the grass.

Another guy comes up and says he's stoned and everybody else is stoned so let's hear the music and get stoned and get off the grass. The funny thing was that there were men with binoculars looking for dope, and several people

had already been busted. What it really amounted to was get off the grass, take dope and maybe get busted, let the pigs have their way, and if a few people get run over, what difference does it make: We're having fun ain't we? It was fantastic how many people bought that line, hook and sinker. The crowd had effectively been turned against itself and now the pigs moved in and took over.

But suddenly Ten Years After started playing and that crowd got up off its' ass. The grass was filling up again, and the pigs weren't pulling anybody out without a fight. Suddenly it was like outside again, standing up and saying "We're not going to buy this lie," and doing something about it. Later, everybody rushed to the infield and all the grass was taken up by people instead of cops with billy clubs. Something had clicked and for a few minutes I thought it was going to stay that way.

But it didn't.

The long haired sellouts got to the microphones again, turning the crowd against itself, using hip rhetoric, of course after all the beautiful people got through talking, the cops moved in and cleared everybody out.

A lot of people were carried out on stretchers. A few people were dragged out kicking and when a few people tried to stop it, they got busted too. It's quite a culture that talks about revolution and then complacently puts up with the Cincinnati stick-swingers, "cause it's smart to play it cool." The cops held the infield for the duration of the concert, and then some. Don't get the wrong idea—the music was beautiful, almost beyond description, but it was so obvious such a giant rip off was going on it screwed it up. Here's 20,000 people sitting in a ball park with the pigs running the show. And still the hip emcees told everybody to play it cool. (Like in school, they tell you when you're being screwed, sit back and enjoy it.) Well, I'm sick of playing it cool. I want to live, I want to see my brothers and sisters live, and stop buying this crap that's coming down—the pig underneath the long hair. Their right here in this town, in the hip clothing shops, making their bread and being beautiful and running pop festivals like Cincinnati, and they're ripping us off. They could care less about any ideology, just as long as they get their money.

Some people in Cincinnati thought the same thing. Most didn't care. They wear beads and take dope, and they have a good time, and they just don't care about anything as long as as they can keep on being cool.

It was obvious in Cincinnati that coming together means a lot more than dope and music. The man wants to tell us what to do, how to do it, and most of all to give him money.

Mike Quatro made a lot of dough off the hip culture, but it's blood money. It reeks of pigs with sticks and busted heads. People just have to see that we've got to get self-determination of our culture. We can't sit back and have somebody run the show for us. The people have to be the ones who will decide. Get strong people, and when the time comes around again, hope we're strong enough.

Because if we aren't, maybe we'll never sit in the grass again.

----Nick Eastridge

SECOND SECTION

IN 1776 BOSTON
WAS THE MOST REVOLTING
CITY ON THE CONTINENT

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STAFF

The Indianapolis Free Press is edited and produced by a staff collective committed to making the paper an effective alternative to the mass media. In this way we hope to contribute to the development of a strong and independent radical movement in our community.

In addition to persons with signed articles, those who worked on this issue include: Mary Ochs, Tina Bristol, Beth Ann Heilmann, John Geier, Mike Wright, Jennifer Simmonds, Al Simmonds, Karin Ohrn, Chuck Kuhn, Bob Higbie, Claire Arbogast

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Creative House of Arts, 2859 Central

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Grandpa Banky's, 2180 N. Talbot

Wax N' Such, 2147 N. Talbot

Disc Records, Glendale Shopping Center

[Hopefully this list is complete and up-to-date. Call Gerry Noriss, 283-4462 if you wish to carry the Free Press.]



Sisters HELP!!

Indeed, as Steve said in the June 11-25 issue of the Indianapolis Free Press, to be Gay in Indianapolis is a hassle. I am Gay like Steve, only my problem is a bigger one—I'm in even a smaller minority than Steve—that of the Lesbians. I have found it impossible to find any gay companions, and am really at the lonely end of this summer. Since I'm not real acquainted with the Gay "hangouts," where I could perhaps find a companion, I'm "up a shit creek without a paddle" so to speak. I don't even know where to find you, my sisters! I'm sure you all know how bad it is to be so absolutely alone, without anyone to love; how bad it is to watch the straight couples having such a good time and seeing your friends melt away from you one by one as they go off to get married and the like, and you sit at home, so alone you ache.

What I want is to know where I can find you, sisters. How can I meet you—can you help me end my pain? I have so much love to give and no one who is like me to receive it and give some in return. Please let me know and write in to the Free Press so I can read in the paper how to begin to live...and where. I wish I could have you write to me but like Steve, I can't use my full name because I have a good job, and can't take the chance of losing it; also my parents are totally unaware of my sexual feelings, so they must continue to be ignorant as they would never understand. You know how it is sisters. Please write today so that more love can start to flow in the world. Peace and love to all people...

Hopefully,
Mary

[Editors note—The Free Press doesn't feel its letters column is the best place for establishing personal contacts. Clearly, however, the need Mary expresses is vitally important. We wonder what kind of communication link could be established and invite our reader's suggestions.]

25 CENTS OR BUST

As every good "hawker" for the Free Press knows, this paper is always naively challenged by prospective customers that it is not "free" since it costs 25¢. This typical reaction reflects the narrow view of our readership being "free" is always firstly and usually exclusively relegated to economic conditions. But the Free Press is "free." It is free in spirit, free in thought, free in expression, and certainly free to those who cannot afford 25¢.

The freedom of the Indianapolis Free Press is protected by a rotating editorial board elected from the Free Press Collective for each issue. Hence old and new articles are constantly reviewed for print by different individuals for respective issues.

If there are others in Indianapolis who would like to help "free-up" the minds of the city, feel free to contribute an article about any issue which concerns you or anything which is unlikely to be found in the *Star-News*.

The next copy deadline is 6 pm, Friday, July 3. Mail or deliver to 2419 North Talbot. Please type and double space and include a stamped self-addressed envelope if you want your article back.

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KENT STATE INVESTIGATION

Reprinted from the Philadelphia Free Press

When Nixon promised an FBI investigation of the Kent State massacre, most people thought it would be just a cover-up. Turns out they were too optimistic. Reports out of Cleveland indicate that the investigation is more concerned with the classroom activities and political beliefs of teachers than it is with discovering why student spectators were fired on.

An FBI source, quoted in the Cleveland Press, explains that the inquiry "merely involves professors alleged to have encouraged students to participate in a protest rally the day of the shooting." According to that newspaper, a "substantial number of Kent State students have been queried by the FBI about the political beliefs or radical attitudes of their professors in the classroom."

Another student, Cynthia Pulaski, said FBI agents telephoned her at work and asked if the same professor had made "inflammatory remarks" in the classroom. "I told them that this was an English composition class that really wasn't very controversial," she said.

Professor William Gorden of the Kent State speech department said students are frightened by the FBI questioning. "They fear that they will get into some kind of trouble if they don't cooperate. Some of the kids are really scared. We never expected that it would turn into an inquiry into what professors teach in their classrooms."

Those who think we live in a democracy will go on being surprised by incidents like this: clearly the institutions of a government by the people reflect the feelings of those people. Such incidents cannot surprise those who understand that the monopoly capitalists who control our corporate economy have also created the police to protect their property and the courts to jail those who threaten it.

RT

SOLVING THE WAR

"I have told the Americans that someday soon they will have a face-to-face confrontation with Red China, and to solve the war in Vietnam they will have to attack Red China."

—Nguyen Cao Ky, Meeting with
Saigon students April 12, 1966

AN OPEN LETTER TO THEM:

Congratulations, Indianapolis Police Force, you have failed again. You raided my home and arrested five of my brothers and four of my sisters, but you didn't get the one who was responsible for everything. I, Eric Von Tripp, claim complete, absolute, total responsibility for everything that has ever happened. I violated the 1935 Narcotics Act. I also committed the Brinks Robbery, and I bombed Pearl Harbor! And you'll never catch me! Nobody has a photograph of me, you'll never even get an accurate description! I am the non-leader of the Von Tripp World. The only you'll stop the Von Tripps is to stop me, and you'll never stop me, you'll never even catch me! And even if you catch me, you won't have caught me. The inhabitants of the Von Tripp Planet will descend and take over your planet. We have already begun. In five years (maybe four) we will be the most powerful political force in the world. Never trust a Von Tripp! See you in the White House.

Thou Art God,
Eric Von Tripp



WELSH CASE

The Welsh case, heard before the Supreme Court was touted to be a landmark in Conscientious Objection legislation. Fat chance. The court held that Elliott Welsh, who had scratched the words "religious training and" from his CO form (originally reading "show why your claim is based on religious training and belief"), got off. Section 6(j) of the SS Act of '67 will have to be changed to allow for ethical and philosophical objection. Curtis Tarr, the new National Director, still holds that the CO deferment is discretionary, that is, the local board can be rather whimsical in granting or denying a claim with little chance for effective appeal. It must be based on some sort of rigorous training and one must be opposed to any war.

The main problem still lingers. Local board members still hold the reins and take their time while regulations filter down. There will probably be no appreciable increase in the number of claims accepted. The best effect will probably be in a growing number of applications. The boards and registrants will be better off for the napping.

—Bill Rose

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION AS IT STANDS

When you're 18, if you register, you are faced with a section on the classification questionnaire which you are to sign if you are opposed to service in war in any form—that is, opposed either to combatant service or to any military service. If you are not opposed to such service, you are not to sign.

If you are not sure? Of course, you can't honestly sign the statement. But brother, you had better start thinking. It is going to make a big difference. You can apply for a conscientious objector status (I-O or I-A-O) any time after you are 18; you don't have to have signed the section in the classification questionnaire. You can even apply for conscientious objector discharge after you are in the military. But the sooner you make up your mind and act on it, the better. Really, man, IF YOU ARE NOT SURE, THE SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM MAKES THE DECISION FOR YOU—I-A.

Even if you are sure, if you don't agree with the Selective directive Service, you have a rough road to hoe. There are few Selective Service personnel disposed to letting you know your legal alternatives to military service, to say nothing of letting you get them. It's an injustice. Their power. The whole thing is an injustice. I'm sure any of us who are opposed to service in the military would find it at least as hard to understand a local board member's explanation of why he believes in war as it is for him to understand our contrary belief. Yet he makes the decision. He makes our decision.

But if you're against the military, one of the few ways of dealing with the injustice of the Selective Service System is to apply for conscientious objector status. Any way you take it is a sacrifice of time, energy and principles—a hiding place, a lie, a court case, a new country, or a compulsory civilian job. What does a C.O. case involve? What does one have to do? What does one have to be?

A formal application must be made by filing SSS Form 150. Then the Local Board makes its decision. You may appeal if they decide against you, first having a Personal Appearance with the Local Board, then appealing to the State Appeal Board, then, perhaps the National Appeal Board. You still may not win your case. If not, you would have to go back, in a sense, and choose another way—Federal Court, a hiding place, a lie, another country. We have known people faced with this decision in Indianapolis, but we have known far more C.O. applicants who have won their case within the Selective Service procedures when they have really stuck with their stand all the way through. We know it is possible, but we don't know any clear way to do it.

Each Local Board is different in its attitudes concerning conscientious objection. And each Governmental Appeal Agent, and each clerk, and each Appeal Board and each State Director. It is a matter of sincerely trying each path available within the Selective Service network in one's own personalized way. Give them—the people in the network—a chance to



SHAFT THE DRAFT

consider you as a decent human being. Don't cater to them, no. But challenge them to your way of life. What it is, in fact, is putting into effect your own convictions—face the struggle between two ideologies without a war...and work it out.

As is now clearly substantiated by the Welsh case, you don't need to rely on any religious background. You simply must be opposed to serving (or carrying weapons) in war in any form. And you must explain some sort of substantial development of this conviction. Then there are the catch questions to be answered. Hypothetical, often absurd. What if everyone in the US were a conscientious objector? It is my great sorrow that man, or at least United Statesian man, is so enthusiastic for war and fighting and so afraid of the realities of love and working together. If we all were C.O.s and if we all had the same enthusiasm for meeting life's struggles peaceably as we do now for entering war, I think the world would enter eagerly on a beautiful scene. We would be a new, constructive, loving, lovable (!) example to the world. Just think seriously, for instance, of what we could do if we entered Viet Nam with the same energy, money, numbers of men, amount of equipment—with the same amount of all that, but with unselfish concern, with constructive love. We could do a lot I am sure. I am more sure that we could learn a lot...And I would bet that we would not "loose" any more of our troops in the "battle." The same story would hold if another country brought the battle into our own land.

Thus I agree with my local board's statement that there is a certain responsibility that I take with my convictions. But I do not agree that this responsibility is very much related to my conscriptive two years of civilian work. I see my alternative service as a major part in my life of the unjust sacrifice that everyone must go through who faces the draft. When I finish my alternative service, I will then be able to live responsibly as a conscientious, full time.

If you are leaning in the direction of conscientious objection, we can help you with information and discussion at the Indianapolis Draft Project. 222 East 16th Street. 923-9563.

—Marty Campbell

AMMO

layoffs coming

The Army Ammunition Plant at Charlestown, Ind., is planning to lay off about 38% of its 14,000 employees by the end of 1971. A good thing in the abstract because fewer Hoosiers will be receiving their pay envelopes from the merchants of death, but it's tough on each individual getting the ax. And the whole situation is typical of the way the military-industrial complex rides roughshod over people's lives at home with the same unconcern shown in Indochina.

The plant is jointly controlled by the Olin Matheson Corporation which manages the production of powder and other war materials, and the US Army, which handles all security. IFP sent a reporter to the plant but he was denied an interview. Conversations with area residents provided some insight into the problems the Ammunition Plant has caused.

Charlestown Mayor, Irwin Frazier, said that the plant had a serious shortage of help 2½ to 3 years ago and encouraged people to move into the area. The high wages offered to unskilled labor attracted folks from as far away as Cincinnati and small towns in Kentucky. As new people moved in, housing construction started. An estimated 650 of the town's population of 6500 work in the plant. Besides regular wage earners, many women work there for second jobs and students home from college depend on the extra money in the summer. One man is sure he'll be laid off because he's only been working in the plant for a year and a half after 23 years in the Army.

Charlestown businessmen are worried about the impact of the layoffs on the city bank. It handles most of the plant's funds and when they're cut a general tightening of money in the area will occur and credit rates will probably increase. This will hurt everyone including businesses and wage earners who have nothing directly to do with the plant.

Mayor Frazier is convinced that no matter how bad the situation gets around Charlestown, northern Kentucky will suffer more because of its already high unemployment.

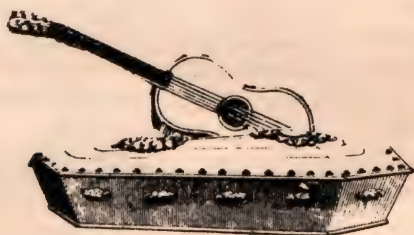
This same situation has been occurring all over the country. An artificial economy is created by a war industry, people move in to take the jobs and build new homes, some quit their farm jobs for the better money. Then the bubble bursts. The jobs created are taken away. Housing construction stops. Local merchants lay off help because people aren't buying anymore. Reconversion, the redirecting of military plants to civilian uses, has been often talked about but seldom practiced because the political will to bring it about has been absent. The military is quite solicitous of the economic health of prime contractors like Olin and allows exorbitant profits and cost overruns. But there isn't too much concern for the working stiffs in the plant. After all, they're replaceable just like GIs.

Tim Curtin



UP

In this column, I wish to bring to your attention a new album by one of the oldest groups around, The Grateful Dead. Most people have heard of the Dead, but a surprisingly small number are actually familiar with their music: this can be accounted for by the fact that the Dead demand that the listener pay very close attention to their music, and if one were to hear a Dead album at a party, it would appear to be somewhat non-descript noise. Their music is sophisticated complex and somewhat confusing unless the listener devotes his undivided attention to it. This also explains why they are financially something of a failure.



against THE

The Dead are not as old as the Airplane, even in their beginning stages, when they were known as The Warlocks, but they are none-the-less associated with the beginning of San Francisco rock. The band consists of: Jerry Garcia, lead guitar and vocals; Bob Weir, rhythm guitar and vocals; they have picked up Mickey Hart as a second percussionist and Tim Constanten, keyboards. (Tim Constanten was evidently always in the group, but because he was in the Airforce for a while, he could not always be with the band, and Mickey Hart joined the band after jamming with them one evening.) Garcia, Weir and Pigpen had been playing in jug bands around the coast for a while (Garcia is an excellent banjo player), and decided to try electric music. Garcia had known Lesh for a while, but Lesh had not been playing with them, as he was classically trained as a musician, and was composing orchestral pieces. His bass playing is entirely unique, because he learned to play the bass in one week with his own tuning scheme, having never played a fretted instrument previously.

They simply started playing and living together, becoming deeply familiar with each other and their music, playing their tunes over and over again, until they knew their instruments, the other members of band and the tunes inside out. For a long while, they had a great deal of trouble with their music, getting their public address system properly coordinated, etc., etc., and for a while their troubles were so serious that they were walking off stage in mid-concert, unable to continue. However, all this has been settled, and the possibility of breaking up is no longer even to be considered for them.



It has been said that their music has to be heard in person to be appreciated, and this is not an irrelevant claim. Their music is highly interdependent, each man responding to another as they play, and it requires a while for them to get organized and "into" a given number; thus, a two hour concert will consist of five

or six tunes, and this is very difficult to capture in a studio. Their first album (1967) is an attempt to capture this live sound in a studio, and, while it is a good album in its own right, it is not very representative of what the Dead do in concert.

The comments in the above paragraph are not meant to imply that the Dead are a loose or disorganized band; quite the contrary, they are one of the tightest you'll ever hear. They are so tight, so familiar with their music, that the sound they make appears to be entirely improvisational while in fact it is to them entirely anticipated and premeditated. The variety in their performance comes from who is working with who. One day, Garcia may work with Bob Weir, the next with Lesh on bass, and the day after with the

very loud (which reached its logical, absurd conclusion in Blue Cheer, and they are in fact one of the loudest bands around. The thing is, their loudness comes from the necessity for proper amplification to achieve the high level of sound quality (not quantity) that they demand. The sound is clear and distinct, and does not hurt one's ears the way Blue Cheer does. The surprise of the new album, called Workingman's Dead is that it is soft (as opposed to loud) sounding album, with a distinct country flavor. However, as I said, this makes sense when one considers the group's concern with sound quality and the tendency of the whole rock world to mellow as time goes by. This music is unmistakably the Grateful Dead, but it is an evolved Dead.

AMPLIFIER

keyboard. However, Lesh's playing will be determined to a degree by which drummer he is working with, and on and on the variations go.

When I mentioned that their music can seem confusing, it is because they have a highly unconventional concept of rhythm and chord structure, which has evolved because of the myriad possibilities for building harmonic structures they have with five players and instruments capable of contributing to the structure, and three (the bass functions in melody and rhythm) rhythm instruments. A friend of mine, after seeing the Dead in a live concert, commented that they were playing notes that were musically incorrect, but his conception of musical correctness is based on a traditional harmonic system, and thus irrelevant.

Their second album, Anthem of the Sun was a second attempt at capturing their unique concert sound, and was recorded in four studios and eleven live concerts over a period of 8 months. This mass of tapes was mixed and edited, and a one disc album resulted, again good in its own right, but hardly a complete representation of their playing power. They recorded for Warner Bros., and their relationship with the company has been at best strained, and so their third album, Aoxomoxoa (read it backwards), was

produced entirely independent of Warner's, and mailed, complete with jacket design, to the record company offices. However, by this time (Aoxomoxoa came out in 1969, after they had been playing for over three years, as often as six times a week, usually for free) they had arrived at the technique for recording new material that they have continued on their new album, which will be described later. Later in 1969, they released their fourth album, Live Dead, a two disc live album, which is probably the finest live album that has ever been produced.

Their latest album comes as something of a surprise at first playing, but begins to make more sense with each successive playing. The Dead are usually associated with the beginnings of the tendency to play

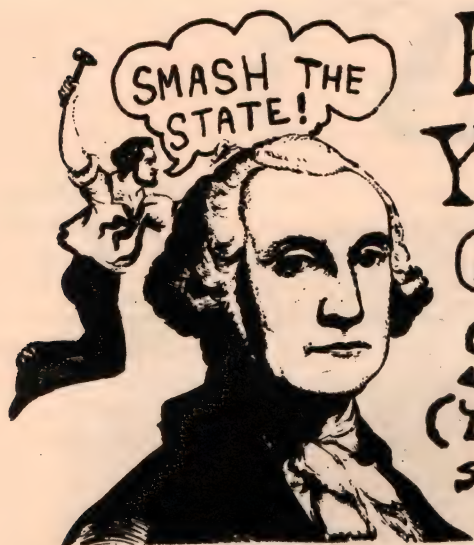
What they have done with this album (and with Aoxomoxoa previously) was to perform the tunes over a period of years and get to know them inside out, so that they could make an abbreviated yet completely satisfactory recording of what is essentially live material. In the fall of 1968, I saw the Dead perform a tune that was at that time untitled: Bob Weir sang the lead vocal, and Garcia played the lead on the guitar. In the summer of 1969, they performed this same tune again, only this time the lead was on a pedal steel guitar. It was the same tune, but it had evolved considerably. Then, just last April, I heard them again, and they performed this same tune again, only this time the lead was on guitar that resembled steel, and Garcia sang the lead. On the album, this song, entitled "Dire Wolf," is played with Garcia singing and playing the lead on a steel. Thus the song was performed over a period of at least 8 months and through two album releases before they were satisfied with the song enough to record it.

The whole album is very easy to listen to: there is a very fluid quality about it, and yet the music is forceful and each song is distinctly itself. Everything about the music seems appropriate: Garcia's guitar accentuates here, compliments there, accompanies the lyrics and provides a solid lead when called for. Lesh's bass works like the string bass section of an orchestra, with the added punch of the tympany where necessary giving a flowing undercurrent sometimes and driving the song, especially "New Speedway Boogie," at other times. This album is notably more vocal than their previous albums, and the harmony of the voices is always impeccably proper and distinctly Dead. It is an all around fine album, and if you listen closely to the very beginning of the last cut, "Casey Jones" (not the one you're thinking of), you'll be able to hear that the Dead have put their signature, a highly personal idiosyncrasy of the Dead, in the form of the sniff of a user snorting cocaine.

by Eric Mitter

Photo / John Geier





HISTORY
You NEVER
Got in
SCHOOL
(You bet your
sweet ass, you
didn't!)

eugene v. debs

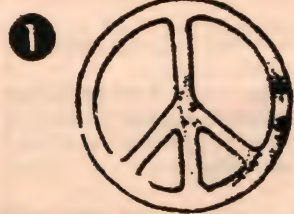
Eugene V. Debs, native of Terre Haute, Indiana, left a heavy imprint on the labor struggle in the railroad industry and the development of socialism in the United States. As a labor leader, an anti-war spokesman against United States involvement in World War I, a candidate for president of the United States on the Socialist ticket, and a member of the Indiana House of Representatives, he has earned a prominent place in American and Hoosier history.

Born November 5, 1855, he grew up in the early days of Terre Haute and advanced himself quickly by going to public school in the day and to a commercial college at night. He took a job in 1870 for the Vandalia Railroad and in a short time became a hard worker for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada. By 1877 he was associate editor of the union magazine and in 1880 he was elected the head of the union.

In 1884 he was elected to the Indiana House of Representatives but served only one term because he decided the union organizing should be given his full time. Not only working with his own firemen, he devoted time to all railroad men and organized five other unions for all to join.

The year after the American Railway Union was formed, 1894, he led the famous strike on the Great Northern Railroad and was jailed on the charge of conspiracy. He won in court. Later they got him on contempt of court charges and threw him in jail for six months. While he was in, President Cleveland broke the strike by sending in federal troops.

While serving his term in prison he came into contact with socialists from Milwaukee, Wisconsin and upon his release began his crusade for a socialist United States. Many of his union associates followed.



In 1897, the American Railway Union merged with the Social Democracy for America organization, forerunner of the Socialist Party. Union organizing had been a full time job for Debs but building and teaching socialism became a passion. The Social Democratic Party was organized in 1898 and in 1900 nominated Debs for President of the United States. The first campaigns were planned to be primarily educational but Debs was convinced that with the working conditions being so extremely poor, with child labor being abused, strikes being constantly busted, and the American people being afraid of the control of the giant monopolies, the movement would grow. And it did. Every year the party grew, and by 1908 the Socialists received close to a million votes.

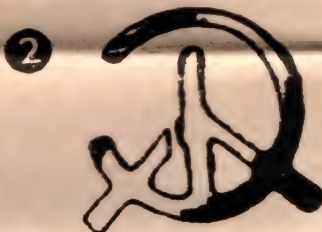
Then came World War I and with it the rally cry for all good and loyal men to serve the wishes of their country and go to war. Debs and the Socialist Party refused to be silent even in a war situation and demanded their rights to free speech and the right to assemble. They spoke out against United States involvement in an all-European War in which the people of the country had no stake. They supported those

young men in the country who refused induction into the Armed Forces and spoke out against the draft system. They were labeled unpatriotic, their meetings were broken up, and in 1918 in Canton, Ohio, Debs himself was arrested on obstructing the draft and aiding those who refused to serve. (The same charge that faced Dr. Spock and others recently).

But Debs became strongest under pressure. He used no lawyers in his defense but spoke for himself at the end of the trial. Excerpts follow:

"I admit being opposed to the present social system. I am doing what little I can, and have been for many years, to bring about a change that shall do away with the rule of the great body of the people by a relatively small class and establish in this country an industrial and social democracy..."

"Washington, Adams, Paine—these were the rebels of their day. At first they were opposed by the people and denounced by the press....But they had the moral courage to stand erect and defy all the storms of detraction and that is why they are in history, and that is why the great respectable majority of their day sleep in forgotten graves."



"At a later time there began another mighty agitation in this country. It was against an institution that was deemed a very respectable one in its time, the institution of chattel slavery....All of the organized forces of society, all of the powers of government upheld chattel slavery in that day. And again a few advanced thinkers appeared...."

"Chattel slavery disappeared. We are not yet free. We are engaged in another mighty agitation today. It is as wide as the world. It is the rise of the toiling masses who are gradually becoming conscious of their interests, their powers, as a class, who are organizing industrially and politically, who are slowly but surely developing the economic and political power that is to set them free. They are still in the minority, but they have learned how to wait, to bide their time....."

"I believe in the constitution of the United States. Isn't it strange that we Socialists stand almost alone today in defending the constitution of the United States? The revolutionary fathers who had been oppressed under king rule understood that free speech and free press and the right of free assemblage by the people were the fundamental principles of democratic government. The very first amendment to the constitution reads:

Religion, Speech, Press, Assembly, Petition. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

That is perfectly plain English. It can be understood by a child. I believe the revolutionary fathers meant just what is here stated—that congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people to peaceably assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

"That is the right that I exercised at Canton on the 16th day of last June; and for the exercise of that right, I now have to answer to this indictment. I believe in the right of free speech, in war as well as in peace. I would not, under any circumstances, gag the lips of my bitterest enemy. I would under no circum-

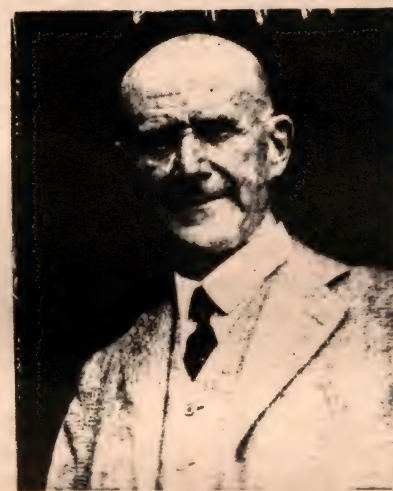
stances suppress free speech. It is far more dangerous to attempt to gag the people than to allow them to speak freely of what is in their hearts."

Following the verdict of the jury of guilty, he was sentenced to ten years in Federal prison. His final statement to the jury follows:

"Your honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest of the earth. I said then, and I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it...while there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

During his stay in prison the 1920 presidential election went on. The Socialist Party nominated Debs anyway and ran the toughest campaign yet. Debs received over one million votes while serving his sentence for obstructing the draft!

In 1921 Debs was released from an Atlanta, Georgia federal penitentiary with a presidential pardon from President Harding. On December 28 of that year Debs returned to what the *Indianapolis Star* called the "greatest ovation anyone has ever received here [Terre Haute]." An estimated 15,000 followers met Debs at the Terre Haute station with "a mighty cheer that rip-



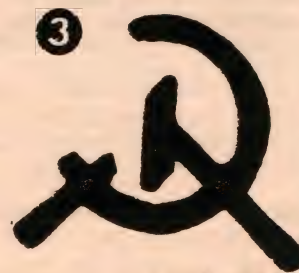
pled from one end of the throng to the other...din resembling the roar of an ocean in storm." Earlier Debs had been met by hundreds of friends and comrades here in Indianapolis, where he made a speech condemning capitalism and the tools of capitalism. He said in part:

"I desire no office. I have no political ambitions or seek no fame, only that which comes to all my fellow men. If I have any mental ability I want to use it to lift you up. The only power I want is power to be used to confer power upon those who lack power, to liberate and not enslave, to humanize and not to brutalize. I want to try to help make this old earth in a kindly human way to be a more civilized place in which to live. I shall be maligned and shall seal my devotion to my cause with my life." [*Indianapolis Star*, Dec. 29, 1921/

"This shall be a cooperative world instead of a competitive world. Instead of piling up wealth, let our efforts be consecrated to improve the lot of our fellowman. The rewards of Jesus Christ, the rewards of Lincoln and the rewards of all who have conceptions in advance of their time and who stand alone against a gainsaying world and speak the truth, I know what those rewards have been, and yet I do not shrink. I am concerned only to be true to my conscience, true to my judgement, true to the truth and righteousness for a glorified humanity, elevated and more divine. If I can help in that, I shall be satisfied. I thank you from a heart of hearts."

With the death of Debs in 1926 and the "good times" of the 1920's people again accepted things as they were, not how they might have been and forgot the Socialist Party and all it had meant. It was not until the Depression hit in the 1930's that the public again came to see the problems inherent in the system.

—Tim Curtin



THE LIMITS

by Tom Hayden

The Stones are STARS—on tour if not elsewhere, automatically the center of attention and privilege. None insists on that status, but they accept its security with an equanimity both innocent and arrogant. . . . The Stones, and certainly Jagger, are the tour's essential promise, and therefore, if not always right, never wrong. —Michael Lydon
"The Rolling Stones at Play in the Apocalypse"
 (Ramparts March 1970)

Too many people looked up to us, regarded us as a rock group, wanted posters and The Word. There were many good people who came to work on the trial with the hope that it would be a communal project with fantastic individual possibilities; but our personalities, and the structure of the trial itself, did not allow that. The truth is that although we served an important revolutionary purpose for six months, we discovered a lot that was wrong about ourselves. Even though our identity was on trial, even though our habits were truly radical compared to those of bourgeois society, that hardly meant that our identity and habits were revolutionary by our own standards. In different ways we all came to sense our own limitations.

Most of these limits stemmed from the fact that the seven of us are white middle-class males, accustomed to power and status in the Movement. The Youth International Party, all myth aside, is run by two persons, Jerry and Abbie. The National Mobilization, in its prime, existed as a coalition which revolved around Dave Dellinger. Rennie has functioned time and again as the brilliant director of an office-centered organizing project, and I have always been more of an independent catalyst than an equal member of any collective or group. Bill and Lenny too are accustomed to having a bevy of women and others working in a service capacity. We were not good about sharing power, rather than competing for it, among ourselves. We were even worse about sharing power with the hardworking staff that chose to labor in our shadow. The Conspiracy organization pigeonholed people into roles, like any other business. Bob Lamb handled press relations; Dottie Palombo handled our financial affairs; Linda Miner handled all negotiations for funds; Sue Burns took care of the transcript; Stuart Ball and Micki Leaner handled legal research and preparations; and so on.

All of them did the grimy work that kept the Conspiracy rolling. They even purchased our airplane tickets and had them ready for us as we streaked out of the courtroom to keep our speaking engagements. The Conspiracy as a whole never consulted with any of these people about fundamental trial strategy, and their growth as whole people was hardly allowed in the situation. We were particularly oppressive to women; most of us, though proclaiming to be part of the liberated culture, were involved in all-too-traditional relationships with our wives.

Reprinted from the Berkeley Tribe



The women on the Conspiracy staff—below the wives in order of rank—were nearly suffocated as a result.

Even if we had been able and willing to improve these relationships, the structure of the trial made it difficult, perhaps impossible. None of us had ever been required to appear on time every morning for six months anywhere—much less at a trial where we were worked over for seven hours a day. The trial necessitated discipline—we had to produce our witnesses, our motions and our bodies—or else. This crowded out time for democratic decision-making or the non-exploitative relationships we are supposed to be building. In addition, our staff and friends had to deal with more than the usual intimidation in the presence of our powerful personalities. We were the center of the drama because our lives were at stake, they felt, which made it even more difficult to raise criticisms or questions about the direction the trial was taking.

For the few of us who worked on the defense, these pressures were incredible. It was an 18-hour day: worrying about the next stage of testimony, settling disputes with other defendants, calling and readying witnesses, worrying about their travel difficulties, getting our trial lawyers prepared to take them through their questioning, fighting with the mass media to obtain cameramen and films. The situation required arbitrary and often instantaneous decisions. When the other defendants asked me to "coordinate" this work I had no idea it would be the worst organizational ordeal of my life.

Working within that structure of trial discipline made me into a high-pressure machine. It seemed necessary to push

aside anyone who could not work efficiently and compatibly, and it was impossible to tolerate hang-ups, identity problems, or even demands for a full discussion of what we were doing. My personal relationships shriveled to nothing in Chicago. I compartmentalized my personal life, left it in Berkeley and went there whenever possible on exhausting overnight flights. I would drop a pill on Monday morning to turn on the production machine again. It always seemed necessary, for a revolution is not a Be-in; it requires periods of discipline and painful work.

Our male chauvinism, elitism and egoism were merely symptoms of the original problem—the Movement did not choose us to be their symbols; the press and government did. The entire process by which known leaders become known is almost fatally corrupting. Only males with driving egos have been able to "rise" in the Movement or the rock culture and be accepted by the media and dealt with seriously by the Establishment. (There are a few isolated women who as exceptions prove the rule: Bernadine Dohm and Bernadette Devlin are seen as revolutionary sex objects, Janis Joplin and Grace Slick as musical ones, Joan Baez and Judy Collins as "beautiful and pure.")

The first step in this power syndrome is to become a "personality." You begin to monopolize contacts and contracts. You begin making \$1000 per speech. With few real friends and no real organization, you become dependent on the mass media and travel in orbit only with similar "stars."

The media interest in Yuppies illustrates this process frighteningly. Random House not only publishes

SEX:

AN OPEN LETTER FROM A SISTER

From "It Ain't Me Babe"

I have orgasms at my cliterous. They cannot be brought about by the movement of the penis in the vagina. Although that movement is pleasant, I require direct rubbing at the cliterous (by hand is best) in order to have an orgasm (sic). It generally takes two or three minutes and then I can have a couple in a row (more than four is diminishing returns already).

For many years we were married my husband never did touch me there. I would occasionally get excited by some indirect movement in the vagina but no position could consistently touch and so I had no orgasms (sic). We let it slide for a long time. I enjoyed making love; I loved my husband and I was ignorant.

Finally my husband forced the issue. I told him how I could have orgasm. He knew the Freudian explanation for this. There is (or was) a theory that little girls are sensitive at their cliterous but as they mature the sexual sensitivity is transferred to the vagina. Any grown up married lady still cliteral is therefore hungup in some childhood stage.

I took it seriously. Following the advice in a book I abjured all cliteral stimulation. I worked to make the transfer. My husband was very interested in my problem.

Meanwhile I liked my man made orgasms, loved em in fact. I was hurt that he did not like producing it. I sure loved it when he came. But he considered mine too automatic. It was always "You

might just as well masturbate." Yes, of course, and I can also kiss myself.

But I was still torn and wracked. Really I believed I was flawed. Maybe by having these cliteral orgasms I was diminishing my chances to achieve the "real thing." And any way why was I disgusting my husband. I alternated between being annoyed at him and his silly prick fetish and believing that I was only compounding my own problem, indulging my basic hangup. Yes I was like a silly little girl who had a fear of masturbating, I was weary of my own pleasure.

Now I have started talking to people all over. I must admit I started by talking to people who I guessed intuitively to be "up tight" like me. I found they were all like me and so relieved to hear about someone else. Then I grew bolder, I spread out to other types, to serene women, motherly women even sex pots. I've talked to eighteen women so far (not counting my mother) and all but two are exactly as I am. Cliteral-manual.

When I asked open ended questions most women hemmed and hawed. But when I put the matter straight, made my own confession like at the beginning of the article I heard "yes, yes me too." And were they relieved. Some had been hounded by men about this; others had just sneakily suspected they were perverted.

The only two who did not respond this way happened to be Europeans. They laughed. They wondered where my husband and I ever got our babyish romantic ideas about sex. Doesn't everyone know there is

not one proper way to screw? You do everything that makes you happy.

And that is what I ask. I am no longer ashamed of my cliteral orgasm but I am so embarrassed about my ignorance and how I let this go on for years, years, and tears and fears.

I am still not absolutely sure about orgasms. Apparently some women can have them from the penis in the vagina either because the indirect pressure is enough or because their cliterous are located close enough to get touched in the process they've found a good position. I am still not certain about women switching from cliteral to vaginal. I have heard about it with older women, but I haven't gotten it first hand. I will most definitely follow it up. But now I know at least I am part of a great number, perhaps a majority, of normal women. Now I can talk and act and experiment and find out. Maybe I will change during my life, but I will not allow myself to be driven insane by doubts and double doubts.

I will change during my life, but I will not allow myself to be driven insane by doubts and double doubts.

So you may say, we've come to the happy ending. Not at all. My husband grew surly. Though he is often thoughtless, I'd never known him not even once to do something calculatedly cruel. Now he started to say mean things, words designed to hurt so bad. "Do we start with the finger fucking? You might just as well masturbate."

I've learned for certain what they say in the simple minded marriage manuals.

CONSPIRACY

THE



Woodstock Nation but takes part in the put-on with a cover illustration in which their own Madison Avenue building is shown being blown up. Simon and Schuster is pleased to advertise Jerry's book, with his approval, as "a Molotov cocktail in your very hands," "the Communist Manifesto of our era" and "comparable to Che Guevara's *Guerrilla Warfare*." Who is using whom? Publishing a book with revolutionary content is certainly possible under capitalism, but what does it mean when a corporation joins in an advertising put-on about the destruction of its own system? It could only mean that the corporate executives and advertisers sense something familiar and manageable in this revolution. In Jerry's book especially what must seem familiar is the marketing of a personality. The book consists mainly of interesting episodes from Jerry's life. Jerry becomes the Important Person as his history of the Movement unfolds; other people disappear. Women are unmentioned (although a photo of his wife Nancy's smiling face bobs across two full pages of Quentin Fiore's "medium-is-the-message" layout). The content is in contradiction with its own Yippie philosophy. Leadership ideally is supposed to be shared, or even to be "non-leadership," but here it is embarrassingly self-centered, deliberately and consciously marketed.

There is much of value in this book, just as there is in the music of the Rolling Stones. But there is finally something unreal. For the Rolling Stones, "street fighting" is a lyric, not a reality which they support or participate in themselves. The irony will be if Jerry—or any of us, since we all are like him in one way or another—ends up like the Stones and other rock celebrities. In the Yippie world, toy guns are carried around for media effect and books are the only Molotov cocktails. But will they really "do it"? If not, then the theatre of personality finally will become

acceptable to the weird appetite of American culture. Impossible? At the trial's end, we were seriously planning to sell movie rights to big commercial producers, and Abbie (whose *Revolution for the Hell of It* was sold to MGM) was declaring "Let them have Washington, D.C.; we're going to take over Hollywood."

During and after the trial, we argued over the future of the Conspiracy. Differences emerged around whether we should become a permanent leadership group in the Movement. The Yippies wanted kind of an American Apple Corporation: Conspiracy books, posters, records, sweatshirts, etc. They and Rennie wanted the Conspiracy to be a kind of institutionalized High Command of the Revolution, leading national campaigns and building a local organizational structure. The Conspiracy had the popular base, the moral authority and the fund-raising capability, they argued, to become a major outpost of radical opposition just at a time when other organizations were folding or fragmenting. Not to do this was to cop out on a rare opportunity.

We were all in agreement on the priority of organizing around the Connecticut, New York, and Chicago trials of Bobby Seale and other Panthers, and campaigning against the Justice Department's repression of black revolutionaries. We were in agreement too on the necessity of continuing education about the issues of our trial during the appeal. And we would speak to raise money wherever local people were facing political trials without support.

In my view, to go further—toward becoming a High Command—would be forgetting our limits and perpetuating our worst tendencies. We are just the kind of individualists around whom a movement should not be consolidated. We are valuable perhaps as a resource to draw upon, but not as a leadership to unite behind. Our power interests and our

male chauvinism would be a drag on the growth of revolutionary energy.

In addition, we had no common politics. We were united against repression, but not united for anything in particular. Dave is hardly a native of Woodstock Nation, Rennie is hardly into revolution "for the hell of it" and, as Abbie himself testified, "we couldn't agree on lunch." The Conspiracy was only a compound of two outmoded organizations: the Mobilization and the Yippies. The program of periodic national mobilizations demanding a Vietnam policy change has certainly reached a point of uselessness, and the Mobe has shown no capacity since Chicago to create continuous local resistance or more militant tactics. Since the Chicago Convention it has become more and more a bureaucracy, older and more moderate than its base of young anti-war militants. The Yippies are also victims of legitimacy; their "cultural revolution" has become respectable since Woodstock. The politics of dope, sex and spontaneous expression, while still persecuted, is also more and more able to find protection behind liberal opinion. The edge of the cultural revolution that has not been co-opted is moving beyond Yippie theatre into the concrete areas of local organizing, self-defense, and drastic changes in the relationships between men and women. Mobe and Yippie can be seen as forms suitable for creating issues in the '60s which must be solved in the '70s by a movement that combines cultural revolution and internationalism, goes from symbolic protest to deeper levels of struggle, and replaces media leaders with collective leadership forms.

We are, after all, products of the '60s. The styles and forms of that time were perhaps as necessary as they were problematic. In a white movement that arose from the nothingness of the '50s, it was no accident that leadership went to articulate, aggressive males, and no doubt this pattern will continue for some time. But forms die, or at least change, and the test of a revolutionary may be how well he or she adapts to new possibilities. Among these possibilities are the growth of a radical feminism which is justifiably enraged at male political power; and new, younger radicals (both men and women) like the Weathermen and White Panthers whose political attitudes stem from a much deeper alienation than what we experienced in the early '60s. From women comes the insight that our power is "male" in origin, a power that involves conquering and subduing others, as opposed to a power that is collective and respectful of people. From the younger revolutionaries in general comes the insight that our pressure politics, our peace mobilizations and our theatrics, legitimate in raising issues in the '60s, are inadequate to the task of surviving and making revolutionary changes in the '70s.

To continue as revolutionaries we will have to abandon the old forms and become part of the new possibilities. One of the most revolutionary decisions possible is for leadership to refuse to consolidate its own power and to choose instead to follow new vanguards. Only by making such a decision will we be relevant to the future.

There is a great variety in sexual behavior. One needs love and tolerance, a desire to make the other happy. We're not in a contest with some imaginary couple for best form in screwing.

And how did we get this way, simple prudery, my husband and I? There's nothing physically wrong with my husband but he has certain set ideas from romantic writers like D.H. Lawrence. Imagine if I were as loath to touch his velvety penis and caress him as he is to me. Most of all he is upset by the idea that this is mutual masterbating if he "works on me" and then I on him in turn. Perhaps it suggests the greatest separation and loneliness in the world to have an overwhelming orasim and wake to find the person right next to you didn't have it at the same time.

And how does my husband accept these new facts. He does not accept them at all. He told me to ask certain women. I did. He would then say "I don't care what

so and so says." Now he has the fool proof defense. "It's a totally sick society. We're all hung up."

So what should I do? Every woman I talked to, everyone without fail said "Why don't you just pretend." "Moan and pant, quiver and collapse. They never can tell." I am certain it's true. They never can tell. I was surprised by the advise coming from so many liberated women as well as my house friends. But I won't do it. I just won't. Maybe I'm just too proud for my own good. I know the risk I run. He's such a great dunce about women, susceptible to flattery. Someone is sure to give him this ultimate compliment.

I hope to most readers this all seems asinine. Doesn't everybody know better? But I am writing to let everyone know how absurdly fearful, ignorant and childish I have been if it will help a few other jerks like me and my dear husband.

Reprinted from Kaleidoscope

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"We believe our national interests can be assured by prompt and orderly disengagement of American military forces from Indochina. We urge that all US military personnel be withdrawn from Indochina by a date certain, fixed by the Congress, taking into consideration the need to protect the vital interests of the United States, insure the safety of American forces in Indochina, and secure the safe return of American prisoners of war."—resolution adopted by the Indiana Democratic Convention.

* * *

After huffing and puffing to the newspapers a day or two before the Convention, the Democrats quietly passed an anti-war resolution that Richard Nixon could live with.

Like any piece of political rhetoric the resolution is smoothly designed to please all sides. Quickly read over it looks like just another liberal act of pussyfooting, and given the context, OK. Closer inspection yields enlightenment.

In the pre-convention maneuvering, the liberals in the party apparently wanted to pass a platform plank which essentially endorsed the McGovern-Hatfield Bill with its June 30, 1971 deadline for the withdrawal of all US military personnel from Vietnam. So the substitution of the word "prompt" is a warning ('cause it obviously doesn't mean before June 30th). And the conditions upon which Congress shall fix the withdrawal date are the giveaway:

***the need to protect the vital interests of the United States"—just what does that mean? Isn't that why we're supposed to be in Indochina (and the rest of the world) in the first place? Talk about an escape clause big enough to fly a nuclear bomber through! True nobody's ever made the case that being in Indochina is in the vital interests of the people of the US (as opposed to that of our military-corporate rulers) but somehow I doubt the Dems had that particular analysis in mind.



LEFT

***"insure the safety of American forces in Indochina" Wasn't that the redolent Richard's responsible reason for going into Cambodia? The donkey's adherents are generous enough to protect our boys all over the peninsula. Instead of just setting the date, pulling out ending all risk to Americans forthwith, they want to stay just long enough to insure the safety of the troops who are staying just long enough to insure the safety of the troops who just had to invade another country to insure the safety of the troops who are insuring their safety back in the first country....

***"secure the safe return of American prisoners of war" Since the Vietnamese have indicated repeatedly that they will be happy to give us our POWs back once we get out of their country and stop destroying it, this proviso is opportunist, placating the concern for US prisoners that the State Dept. and CIA have hypocritically been stirring up all around the country. It also is the same resounding platitude that Nixon uses to justify his policy.

There is one other trick in the resolution. It calls for the "disengagement of American military forces" and the withdrawal of "all US military personnel" from Indochina. Two loopholes remain: B-52 bombers from Okinawa or Thailand flying support missions for the ARVN, Lon Nol, Prince Souvanna Phuma, et al.; continued intervention in Indochina through means other than military forces or personnel. The US has already spent billions to support mercenary armies in Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. Do the Democrats want that to continue? Do they want us to continue sending billions to finance the corrupt military rulers of South Vietnam? Do they have some kind of illusion that the soft-ware of US imperialism—AID and the Peace Corps—should hold the fort? Would they have all the CIA agents split too? Nixon's Vietnamization program and Guam Doctrine, if they worked, would mean the removal of US troops. Instead Americans would fund Asians to kill other Asians. Would Hoosier Democrats support that?

Near as I have been able to determine the anti-war forces in the convention sat on their hands while the resolution was going through. Nobody spoke against it from the floor. No one walked out upon passage. There were no steaming denunciations delivered afterwards to the media. Where was the New Democratic Coalition, the "new" politics? Where were the peace candidates like Terry Straub? How come Vance Hartke hardly said boo about the war in his speech to the convention? The News said all four Democratic Congressmen and representatives of both Senators were present in the closed session that worked out the "compromise." What did you have to say about it Andy Jacobs?

Rally round the bloody flag, boys.

—John McAuliff

MOBE

The Indianapolis Mobilization Committee has established a three-point summer program emphasizing broader discussion with non-middle class groups on war and racism.

The Committee has gone through a great deal of turmoil at its regular Monday night meetings in developing the strategy needed to confront the continued escalation abroad, as well as the economic breakdown and repression here at home. The invasion of Cambodia and the murders at Kent State, Jackson State and Augusta have qualitatively changed the political situation here.

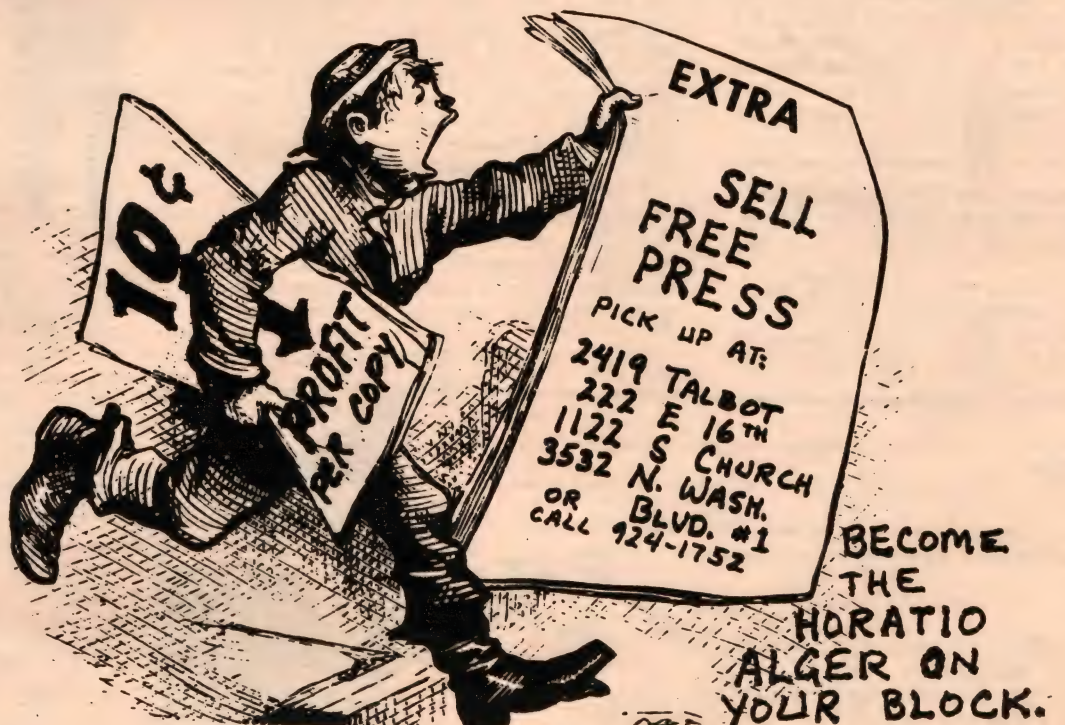
First, to widen the base of citizens for total, immediate and unconditional withdrawal from Southeast Asia, the group will be working at a personal, grass roots level in the near Southside. The group will do door to door canvassing and conduct small neighborhood meetings where they will be rapping with the people about the immediate community problems, the war, how they relate, and how they might work together to deal with both. One important reason for working with this community is to broaden the constituency of the anti-war movement beyond the white middle class. To develop an approach that will be effective and relevant to this particular area, members of the Mobilization Committee have been meeting with full time Southside organizers.

The Mobilization is also planning ways to give people who already somewhat disagree with America's involvement in Southeast Asia a greater understanding of the war and its implications. First, there will be two sessions this summer in which the public will be invited to hear speakers and discussion following. In addition, the Mobilization Committee's organizational meeting each Monday evening is followed by political discussions on a wide range of topics with resources in the form of people or movies brought in. These meet-

ings begin at 7:00 pm at Broadway Christian Center (17 and Broadway) and are open to anyone interested.

The third program prong is cooperation with the Indianapolis Chapter of the Black Panther Party to organize support to free Bobby Seale. The same power holders who are deciding to escalate the war against the Indochinese people are responsible for the harassment of the movement in general and the imprisonment of Bobby Seale in particular. A strong response by the white segment of the movement to the government's attempt to electrocute Seale is essential if black and white radicals are to be able to work together in trust. The Mobilization and the Panthers are circulating petitions to free Bobby and educating their particular constituencies about the trial. Also, the two groups are sponsoring a rally at 2 pm July 10, at the Federal Building.

The Mobilization Committee is not attempting to build working coalitions with other organizations simply for mutual support. The expanded war, high unemployment, inflation, repression, poor quality housing and education are all clearly interrelated problems which are affecting every American. Thus, various groups must learn to move effectively together if we are to survive. In response to this need, SCLC, the Black Panther, National Welfare Rights Organization, labor groups, New Mobilization, GI Alliance and others are sponsoring a national strategy-action conference against the war, repression, and the economic breakdown in this country. The conference will be June 27 and 28 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Hopefully, out of this conference will come an effective political strategy to deal with a multitude of issues that can be implemented on a national and local level. For further information call 636-7838. Paul Mack





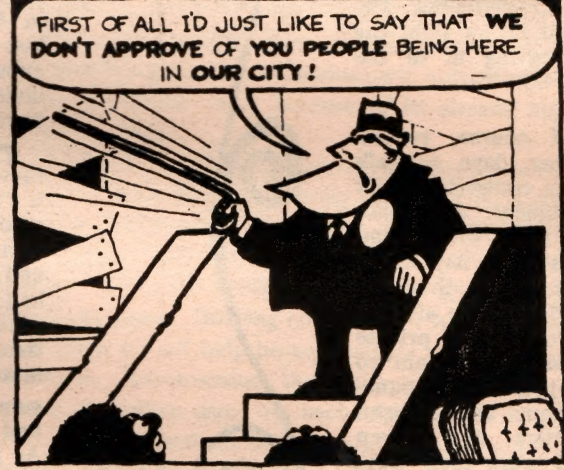
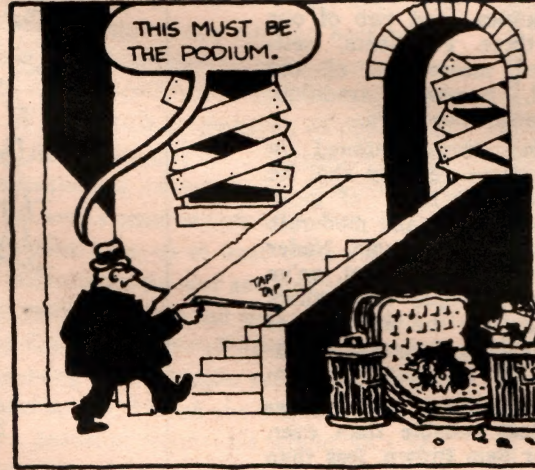
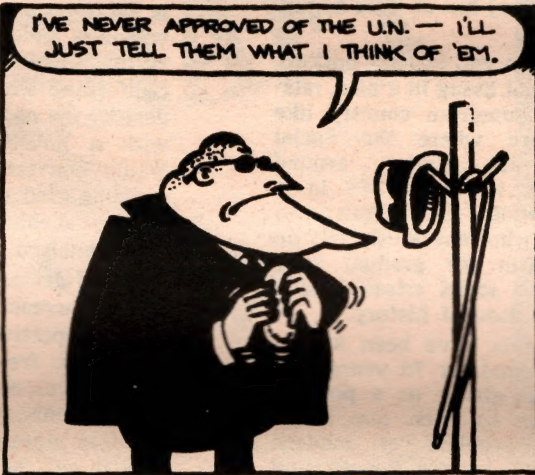
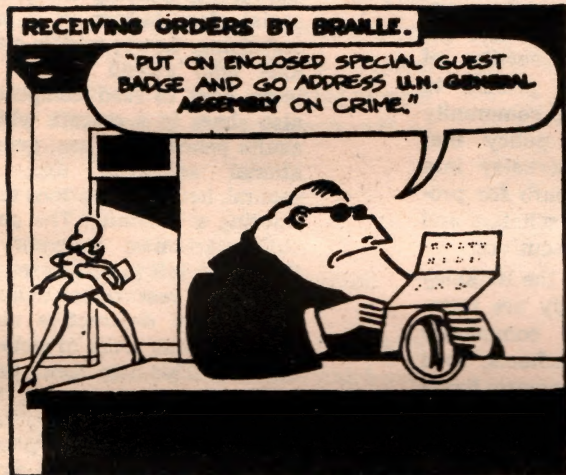
TRICKY PRICKEARS

THE BLIND, DEAF COP.

CRIMESTOMPERS MENKAMP



ROOKIES: WHEN DEALING WITH HIPPIES, RADICALS, AND NIGGERS, SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER. ABOVE ALL, DON'T LET THEM GET TO THEIR JEWISH LAWYERS.



GHOULBERT CHESTERTON

Keep on Truckin'...

AMERICAN REVOLUTION 2?

In May the New York Times Sunday Magazine printed a symposium entitled, "Are We in the Middle of the Second American Revolution?" Following is the reply of one New Left writer.

By DAVID GELBER

Writer for Liberation Magazine and contributor to The Village Voice.

IN the first place, this symposium is a hustle. We've been asked to respond to four cosmic questions (which insinuate that the principle threat of violent revolution comes from the left) in 1,000 words. Leaving no space for a coherent, substantiated case for views which rarely make their way into the mass media, this format effectively reinforces the smug clichés about "simple-minded leftist fanatics" while giving the reader the illusion that he has "heard both sides." Schlesinger, Rovere, Rand et al may not be very convincing either, but they are very much at home in a business-dominated system which subordinates human development to the production of anesthetizing (and murderous) objects. We're not. They accept the capitalist/warfare state (and the distorted human relationships which inevitably follow) as the loftiest attainable by man. We don't. But if neither side is convincing the status quo wins another round.

The Times, meanwhile, does its bit by focusing on the relatively insignificant violence of the left instead of the massive, legalized violence of Agnew, Mitchell, Nixon and Laird, who are busily hacking away at the Constitution. If The Times called a symposium on the right-wing counter-revolution now under way, it might, God forbid, anger Spiro Agnew. In the hoary tradition of liberal spinelessness, The Times would rather fight the left while caving in to the right.

IT is, of course, revolutionary these days to talk about people controlling their own government. Just that. Black and poor white communities have no say as to how or by whom they are policed. Polluting the air is a sacred prerogative of private industry and will remain so as long as profit is the sanctum sanctorum of American values. Voters don't even know what wars their Government is fighting, and, as many Americans have just discovered, it wouldn't make a hell of a lot of difference if they did. So, in the context of violent counterrevolutionaries running things in Washington, you can be a revolutionary if you just take the Constitution seriously.

At the same time, the U.S., which controls 60 per cent of the earth's natural resources for 5 per cent of the world's population, is the chief target of a world revolution. Washington's attempt in Vietnam, and now Laos and Cambodia, to suppress that global revolution has accelerated natural divisions in American society and gives some hope that forces will emerge and unite to make a second American Revolution. In heavy industry, where real wages are declining because of war-induced inflation, young workers are rejecting sweetheart contracts at an unprecedented rate. Blacks, forced to fight a white man's war, have never been

so disposed to use militant tactics to achieve dignity in a white-supremacist society. Students are refusing to live out the acquisitive roles slated for them by elders whose enthusiasm for the domination of nonwhites by whites spurred on the U.S. rape of Southeast Asia. In the past decade, millions of blacks, women, soldiers, students, prisoners, homosexuals, young workers and professionals have been sensitized to the intricate patterns of domination and privilege on which the American system rests. Deference to our rulers (or "patriotism," if you will) is a vanishing phenomenon, even among sectors of the population too dulled to put up a fight. All this is enough to justify the assertion that a second American Revolution (inseparable from a world revolution) has at least begun.

IN case you haven't noticed, we're not living in a nice, relatively humdrum country like Denmark where the Social Democrats tinker around enough to make life in a class-ridden society tolerable. Those who tenaciously rely on liberalism for gradual solutions to social crises need a strong dose of history.

Liberals have been knocking around for 70 years now without giving us a positive solution to even one major social problem of modern American society. Poverty and unemployment were "solved" not by the New Deal but rather by war and, since World War II, by the production of ecocidal trash. The trusts which engaged the bully-boy progressives in 1900 are more powerful than ever. Eighty per cent of Americans cannot afford the cost of a major illness. The system's answer to the race problem—integration—has integrated 1 per cent of black school children in the South since Brown v. Board of Education. Reform-administered cities are unlivable and will get worse as long as private profit determines how money is spent in America. And two of our last three Presidents, self-avowed messengers of the liberal, humanist tradition, were mass murderers.

Irving Howe intoned in these pages recently that he is "sick and tired" of those who would forsake moderate reformers like Ralph Nader and Sam Brown. In fact, we've had Naderesque muckrakers around since the beginning of time begging Congress to regulate big business, yet consumer products are gaudier and less reliable than ever. As for Sam Brown, less than a month after Howe's article appeared, Brown tucked in his tail and closed down the Moratorium business, having already prevented it from possibly developing into a general-strike movement he and Gene McCarthy could not control. Enough of such timidity. It is a delusion to think that we can create a decent society without first taking power away from the private industrialists, generals and politicians who set the course of this indecent society.

WITH what would the left replace the present system? The question is misleading. What is positive in the American tradition is not threatened by the left; it is daily being destroyed by the right. Or what do you make of midnight raids on Black Panthers by uniformed murderers? Of laws which make a state of mind illegal? Another misleading implication here is the supposed dividing line be-

tween revolution (which The Times reduces to simply a destructive event) and the postrevolutionary system of government. In a revolution worthy of the name (such as the Vietnamese), radically advanced social institutions and human relationships develop in the course of the revolutionary struggle itself.

An example close to home: Last year, the radical community in Berkeley converted a useless piece of land into a people's park. [Governor] Reagan and the university's Board of Regents correctly saw the park struggle as a threat to the principle of private ownership of land. As a result, the Berkeley radicals are up against a coordinated attack spearheaded by Reagan, who declared himself in favor of a juvenicidal bloodbath, the Berkeley City Council, which is about to purchase two surveillance helicopters, and the more liberal University of California, which prefers to destroy the radical community with a housing policy that would convert Berkeley into a well-heeled suburb for professors, obedient scholars and San Francisco executives.

In self-defense, the Berkeley people increasingly are forming supportive community structures: free schools, food cooperatives, democratic living arrangements, rent-strike units and free professional services. This is not the latest utopian flight from the real world. It is a self-conscious effort to strengthen the community for a fight for survival which lies in the imminent future. It is also a partial embodiment of

approve of global interventionism as long as the U. S. can get away with it.

Recent disturbances at state universities and working-class community colleges suggest that the spirit of radical re-



Gelber.

sistance is seeping down the social class ladder. It is not surprising. Lower-middle-class kids who attend college to learn how to feed computers also share in a culture which exalts peace, good sex, generational solidarity and, in general, better aspirations than flooring a Mustang. The anti-authoritarianism inherent in the young left is politicized by a growing resentment against the socially destructive aims and alienating work of modern industry. This may mean that, within five to ten years, the new generation of workers will be taking over plants and offices insisting (as some French workers did in 1968) on the establishment of workplace democracy and popular control of investment and production decisions. That would not be compatible with the



the vision of the revolutionary society which inspires the young left.

THE prospects for revolutionary change in American will not be enhanced if the Government is able to murder, exile and jail revolutionary leaders while scaring millions of others into depressive passivity. We may have to face an indefinite period during which the only permissible dissidence will be insipid happenings like Earth Day or privatistic acts such as smoking dope or growing sideburns.

Ten years ago, however, no symposiast in his right mind would have anticipated the emergence of a left potent enough to send one President into retirement and to discredit (in the academic world, at least) liberal imperialists like Arthur Schlesinger, who

continued hegemony of wealthy shareholders and a managerial elite. For that to happen, the left (the student left, the antiwar left, the women's liberation left, the antipollution left, etc.) will have to come together far more than it has. If these forces manage to join together against a natural target, like polluter-warmaker General Motors (which the U.A.W. will probably strike against next fall), the revolution will seem a lot nearer—and The Times will have to call another symposium.

THE MAKING OF AN UN-AMERICAN

by Paul Cowan (Viking)

Growing up in America in the 1960's....the end of liberal illusions....or as Paul subtitles his book, "A Dialogue with Experience."

The Making of an Un-American is a successful book because it does two things quite well. First it provides us with an insightful personal journal covering some of the key events and institutions of the past decade. Through it we share the experiences, ideas and emotions that carried a young man from the bosom of the US elite to intimations of revolution. Second it convincingly documents the cause of his radicalization, the bankruptcy of liberalism by the racist and culturally chauvenist behavior of its practioners.

The primary events of the book are Paul's participation in the civil rights movement in the South and the Peace Corps, surely the most concrete expressions of liberal pragmatic reformism (or is it 'hard-headed idealism?') imaginable. Yet, as Paul writes in the preface:

"My experiences...forced me to confront the side of myself that was part of the problem that I had hoped to help solve. In Mississippi in 1964 and in South America in 1966-67, I saw that even the liberals I had wanted to emulate, men who seemed to be devoted their lives to fighting injustice, were unable to accept people from alien cultures on any terms but their own. That reaction, I realized, was characteristic of most Americans...Instinctively, we insist on our moral and intellectual superiority...despite the awful events of this decade."

FINDING THE ENEMY IN MISSISSIPPI

Paul Cowan went South in that bloody summer of '64 to commemorate the recently assassinated John Kennedy. He encountered the heritage of racism that even within the movement poisoned the relationships of black and white civil rights workers. In an honest fashion he describes how he and others embodied the problem. With self-confidence in their superior ability and self-righteousness in their moral stance, the white students quickly took over the summer program from the local black leaders and SNCC workers.

This unconscious paternalism produced many hard feelings within the Freedom Schools and voter registration projects that summer; on a national level it led to political betrayal. As Paul describes it, the conclusion of the summer was the challenge of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party to take the seats held in the National Convention by the all white regular Mississippi party organization. In Atlantic City liberals like Joe Rauh and Hubert Humphrey were helpful at the beginning. But then they pressed the MFDP to accept two token seats, leaving the racists undisturbed in order to protect Humphrey's chances for the Vice-Presidency. They believed their judgement as professional politicians was superior to that of the black activists and field hands from Mississippi.

The experience of the summer both in Atlantic City and Mississippi contributed mightily to the decision by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee the next year to proclaim the supremacy of black leadership in the black struggle—the transformation of the movement from civil rights to black power and ultimately black liberation.

Paul's story of Mississippi Summer is also the story of the contrast between the two men who conceived of the project, Bob Moses and Allard Lowenstein. For most of the summer volunteers, Bob was combination saint, hero, and political savant. He was the first SNCC worker in Mississippi and had narrowly escaped an assassin's bullets. Lowenstein's role was less well known but still important. He was a sophisticated liberal activist who brought northern political and financial support to the struggle in Mississippi. But Al stayed neutral in Atlantic City and soon began red-baiting and undermining the SNCC leadership because it was more loyal to the people of the black south than to his white liberal concept of ordered progress. On the other hand by the following Spring, Moses decided to change his name and destroy his public identity. He feared becoming the center of a cult of personality that would stand in the way of other more revolutionary black leaders.

BOOKS?

PEACE CORPSE

The Peace Corps is the Greatest fraud of the Kennedy mythology. Three quarters of The Making of an Unamerican is devoted to the battle of Paul and Rachel Cowan to come to grips with its institutional hypocrisy. The Peace Corps was founded on many of the same concepts that let to the civil rights movement, centrally the ideal of well-educated white youth giving up their comfortable and secure lives, at least for a little while, to help the poor and oppressed. However, while the civil rights movement had enough participation of the oppressed that they could tear it apart and replace it with their own liberation movement, the Peace Corps was always so isolated from the people it sought to serve that it quickly became another instrument of their oppression.

Despite the verging-on-revolutionary rhetoric of Frank Mankiewicz (who went from being Corps ideologist to Bobby Kennedy's press secretary and now has his own syndicated column) the Peace Corp's reality was always status quo reformism. For Paul and Rachel, and many other committed volunteers, the disillusion set in from the moment training began. During three months the primary concern of the trainers seemed to be to assure that only well-homogenized Americans would go overseas. The public relations role of the Peace Corps became paramount and placed keeping a good image with Congress on a higher priority than relating well to host country people.

In Ecuador the staff was probably the Cowan's first disappointment. Most staffers were content to see themselves as part of the US country team, led by the Ambassador and including AID, the CIA, and the military attaches. Peace Corp's staff were on the whole careerists, young men on the way up to administer the far reaches of the empire (though they would shrink from the term), comforted in their hardship posts by good salaries, servants, and tax-free imports. Even the most progressive minded could only envision progress through the lens of the American experience.

The chauvenist myopia of staff led them to create program jobs for volunteers that bore no relation to the reality of Ecuador. As a result, many of the volunteers whose motivations had slender underpinnings to begin with, quickly sank into cynicism, escapism and despair. They blamed the Ecuadorians for their failures, taking their cue from the superior attitudes of the staff. Volunteers' submerged racism flourished in epithets against the "Ekkies" and spics.

Paul goes into considerable detail about the time he and Rachel spent in Ecuador. He writes of their complex relationships with local people and other volunteers, and the work they did. The Cowan's greatest sense of accomplishment came when they organized a group of Ecuadorian students of community develop-

ment to visit their compatriots in Columbia. During the trip they learned more from contact with fellow Latins than all the lectures by US experts ever accomplished. But even that triumph was marred by a display of the hostility that the Columbian students felt toward any representative of the American empire, regardless of his personal views.

Finally there are the series of clashes with Peace Corps officials—over the arbitrary discipline of volunteers who smoked grass, the discriminatory policies of upper-class Ecuadorian institutions against poor Indians, the neo-colonial attitudes of the Peace Corps, and the attempts to prevent volunteers from criticizing the Vietnam war and other US policies.

Two conclusions emerge: the need for revolutionary change in Ecuador and the conviction that "Yanqui go home" is the most profound political philosophy available today.

ON STYLE

Paul's book is written in the style of personal journalism common to other writers on the Village Voice staff. With great honesty he gives the reader a picture of the world looking at it from inside his own experiences. It isn't a process I can be terribly objective about myself. We traveled down some of the same paths in Mississippi and South America. Since then we've become friends and discussed many of the ideas contained in this review. I find his rendering of both milleus accurate and informative as well as quite enjoyable reading. Other returned volunteers will howl with rage and say the Peace Corps in India or Morocco or Nigeria wasn't anything like Paul's narrative. While the specifics naturally vary from country to country, we've both talked to a wide enough spectrum of ex-PCVs to be convinced that the essentials are all there and that consequently the only remedy for the Peace Corps is to abolish it. (Paul was one of those who liberated the Peace Corps Office in Washington last month.)

Some readers may get frustrated and feel there is too much subjectivity and too little political analysis in The Making of an Un-American. However, they will be looking for the wrong thing. Read this book to get a gut feeling about how one becomes a new leftist. Then try Carl Oglesby (Containment and Change), Dick Barnet (Intervention and Revolution), or Harry Magdoff (The Age of Imperialism) to get the academic understanding.

[The Making of an Un-American is available for \$6.95

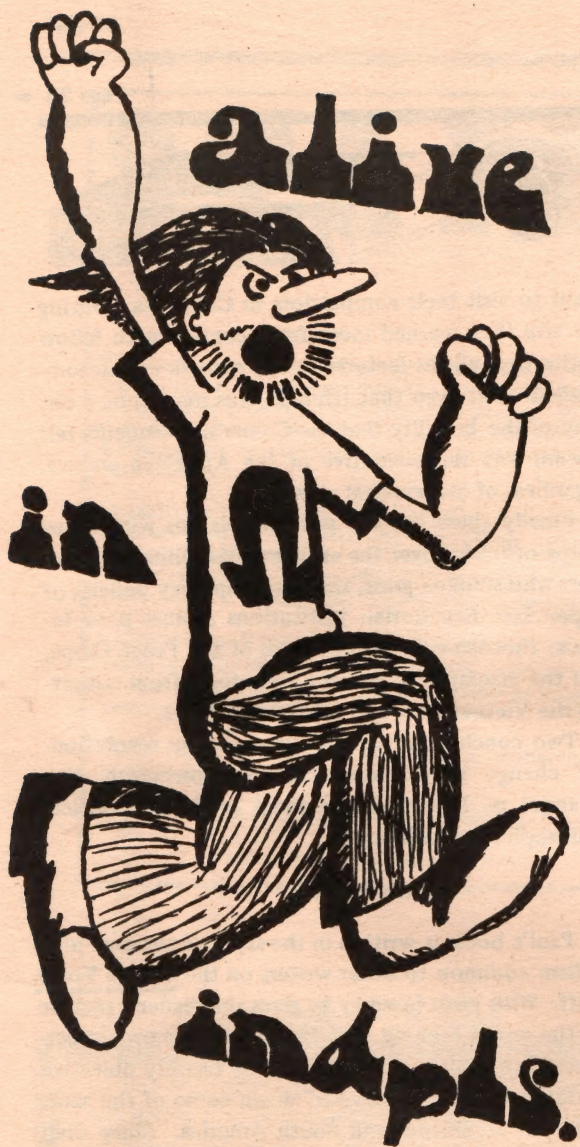
from the Committee of Returned Volunteers,
Box 380, Cooper Sta., NY, NY 10003]

—John McAuliff



Returned volunteers including author Cowan occupy the Peace Corps office in Washington May 8-9.

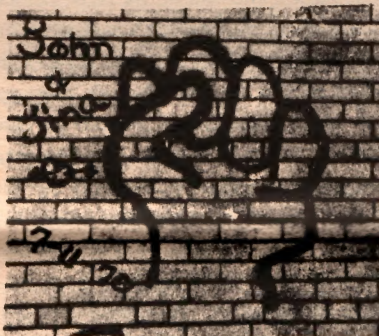
Bonnie Facker, CRV/DC



This is a community/movement bulletin board. If you are a representative for a group with open meetings, films or cultural events and you want them listed here call Sue Grant at 283-3546.

- June 26 "Free Church" meets for fellowship and food in the basement of First Lutheran Church 701 North Pennsylvania, 6:30 pm
- June 27 Movement for Opportunity and Equality of the United Auto Workers at 9 am, St. John's Baptist Church, 1701 Martindale Avenue.
S.C.L.C.—Operation Breadbasket meets at 1701 Martindale Avenue, 10 am. For information call 631-2364.
Liberation School from 9 am to 1 pm for 8 to 12 year-olds at the Eldridge Cleaver Information Center, 414 East 23rd.
The Industrial Workers of the World was founded 1905.
- June 28 Free Rock Concert at Military Park, 1 to 5 Draft Project pot luck dinner, 6:30, 2419 North Talbot, Bring Food.
- June 29 Medical Committee for Human Rights, Indiana University Medical Center, Medical Science Building, Room B-13 at noon.
Indianapolis Mobilization Committee at Broadway Christian Center, 17th and Broadway, 7:30 pm.
Black Panther Political Education class at the Eldridge Cleaver Information Center, 414 East 23rd at 7:30 pm
- June 29, 30 Indiana Welfare Rights State Convention in Mayer Chapel, 448 West Norwood. 10 am to 5:30 on 29th, 30th's hours to be announced
- June 30 Fourth "Birthday in the Streets" of the National Welfare Rights Organization.
Eugene B. Debs arrested for anti-war activity, 1918.
Jocks for Peace Basketball Practice 7:30 pm Mayer Chapel Gym, Norwood and Southwest St.
- July 1 S.C.L.C.—Operation Breadbasket's Political, Health, Community, Consumer Education class at 1701 Martindale Avenue, 7:30-9:30 pm
Christian Inner City Association at Broadway Christian Center, 8 pm.
Black Panther Political Education class. (see June 29)
- July 3 "Free Church" meets. (see June 26)
- July 4 Anniversary of First American Revolution. Movement for Opportunity and Equality. (see June 27)
S.C.L.C.—Operation Breadbasket. (see June 27)
Liberation School (see June 27)
- July 5 Free Rock Concert at Military Park. 1 to 5. Draft Project pot luck dinner, 6:30, 2419 North Talbot. Bring Food.
- July 6 Medical Committee for Human Rights. (see June 29)
Indianapolis Mobilization Committee. (see June 29)
Black Panther Political Education class. (see June 29)
- July 7 Jocks for Peace Basketball Practice 7:30 pm Mayer Chapel Gym, Norwood and Southwest St.

- July 8 Breadbasket's Political, Health, Community, Consumer Education class. (see July 1)
Christian Inner City Association (see July 1)
Black Panther Political Education class. (see June 29)
- July 10 "Free Church" meets. (see June 26)
"Free Bobby Seale" rally at the Federal Building, 2 pm.
- July 11 Newark Revolt—1967.
Movement for Opportunity and Equality. (see June 27)
Liberation School. (see June 27)
S.C.L.C.—Operation Breadbasket. (see June 27)
- July 12 Free Rock Concert at Military Park 1 to 5
Draft Project pot luck dinner 6:30, 2419 North Talbot. Bring Food.
- July 13 Medical Committee for Human Rights. (see June 29)
Indianapolis Mobilization Committee. (see June 29)
Black Panther Political Education class. (see June 29)
- July 14 Bastille Day—1783.
Jocks for Peace Basketball Practice 7:30 pm Mayer Chapel Gym, Norwood and Southwest St.
- July 15 Breadbasket's Political, Health, Community Consumer Education class. (see July 1)
Christian Inner-City Association (see July 1)
Black Panther Political Education class. (see June 29)
- July 16 Court date for 20 Welfare mothers who were arrested June 9 at the City-County Building for "misuse of public building" while trying to obtain clothing vouchers from Dr. Osborne, Township Trustee.
- July 17 "Free Church" meets. (see June 26)
- July 18 Movement for Opportunity and Equality. (see June 27)
S.C.L.C. Operation Breadbasket. (see June 27)
Liberation School. (see June 27)



BROTHERS AND SISTERS, SEE IF YOU CAN COPY THIS FIST ON YOUR FAVORITE WALL.

IMPORTANT NUMBERS

Legal Service Organization of Indianapolis	632-2528
Indianapolis Draft Project	923-9563
Military Coordinating Group	923-5063
Indiana Civil Liberties Union	635-4065
Health Clinic	634-9505
Planned Parenthood	634-8019
Marion County Jail	633-2958
Prisoner Information	633-5160
Juvenile Center	924-4841
Indianapolis/Indiana Mobilization Committee	636-7838
Women's Liberation	251-7730
Coalition for Change	636-7838
Black Coalition	923-9713
Southern Christian Leadership Conference	631-2364
Women's International League For Peace and Freedom	253-0566
Fellowship of Reconciliation	546-1202
Welfare Rights Organization	637-8576
Friends of Welfare Rights	786-1552
Black Student Union	923-8659
Indianapolis High School	
Underground Press Service	923-9563
War Tax Resistance	546-7512
Christian Inner City Association	636-7838
Black Panther Party Information Center	925-0157
Indianapolis Mobilization Committee	926-3393
The Free Church	636-7838

DEAR FRIEND,
WE would like you to know
that we now have a sale in which
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DEER SKIN RUGS, SANDALS,
etc., and EVERYTHING is
at wholesale prices.

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